

No. 43

OCTOBER, 1939

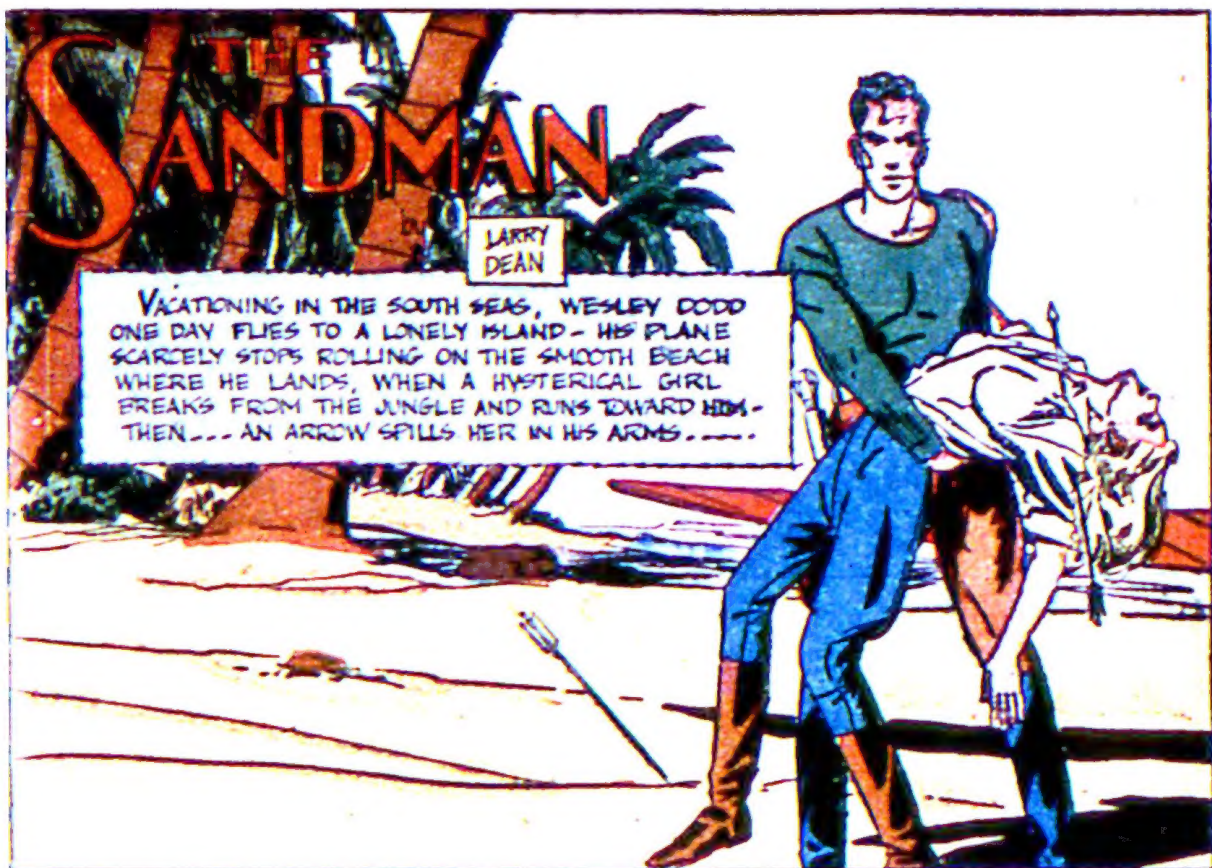
THE SANDMAN.

# Adventure COMICS

10¢







WHIPPING OUT HIS REVOLVER, WESLEY DODD THE TWO SAVAGE BOWMEN BY THE JUNGLE FRINGE....



WITH THE FIRST AID EQUIPMENT FROM HIS SHIP, WESLEY REMOVES THE ARROW FROM THE GIRL'S SHOULDER AND BANDAGES HER WOUND....



MEANWHILE I'LL PREPARE FOR ANY EMERGENCY - WE MAY BE ATTACKED AGAIN!



LEAVING WESLEY AND THE GIRL, LET US LOOK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND - THERE, WE FIND A CLUSTER OF BUILDINGS - NELSON'S PEARL HARBOR....





AMONG THE BUILDINGS....

I'M WORRIED! - MY DAUGHTER, AUSTRALIA, HAS BEEN GONE SINCE NOON - WENT FOR A WALK, BUT SHOULD HAVE RETURNED HOURS AGO!!

DO YOU THINK TH' NATIVES...

THEY HAVE SEEMED DECEEDLY RESTLESS LATELY!!

JIM! - FINISH ON THAT PUMP! - PIPER AND I ARE GOING AFTER AUSTRALIA!!

WISH THE OLD MAN  
HAD SAID SOMETHING  
EARLIER - WE'D HAVE  
BEEN LOOKING FOR  
HER LONG AGO!

I DON'T LIKE IT,  
KNUTE - I'VE HAD A  
FEELING FOR DAYS  
THOSE NATIVES HAVE  
BEEN WORKING UP TO  
SOMETHING - EVEN  
GOT A HUNCH WHY!

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SOMETHING - EVEN  
GOT A HUNCH WHY!

WELL--- RED HATCH HAS BEEN REPORTED ON TH' ISLAND - AND YOU KNOW HOW HE HATES TH' OLD MAN. AN' HOW HE'D LIKE TO DRIVE HIM OFF THESE PEARL BEES..... I'LL BET MY SHOES RED HAS BEEN TALKIN' WITH TH' ISLANDERS !!

SUCH A S?

FOR LORD'S SAKE  
PIPER --- STOP  
THEORIZING!! AND  
STEP IT UP! - IT'S  
GETTING DARK!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL,  
KNUTE - AUSTRALIA'S  
YOUR GIRL, AN' YOU'D  
HATE T SEE ANYTHING  
HAPPEN THEIR - SO  
WOULD I - BUT WE MAY  
AS WELL FACE FACT!

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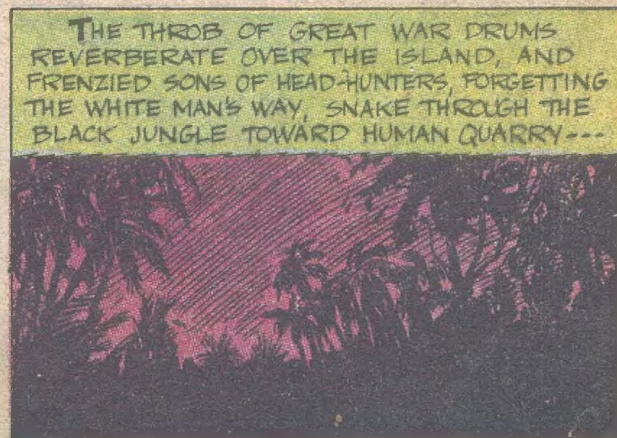
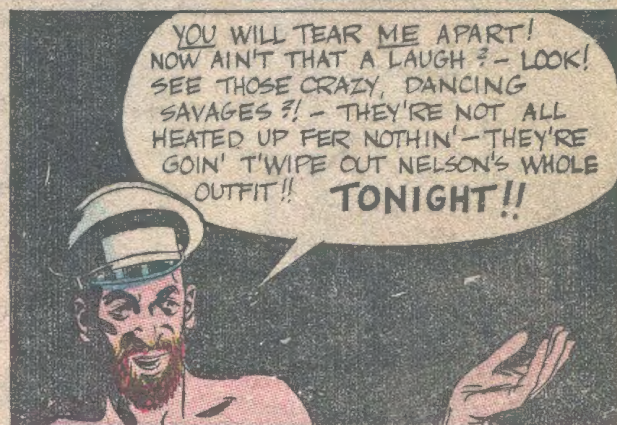
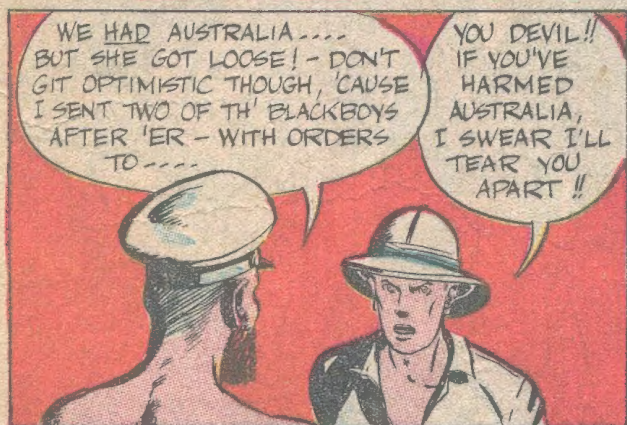
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KNUTE - AUSTRALIA'S  
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WOULD I - BUT WE MAY  
AS WELL FACE FACT!

TRUDGING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, SHOUTING FOR AUSTRALIA, KNUTE AND PIPER ARE  
SUDDENLY BESET BY ISLANDERS.....

A cartoon illustration depicting a scene from the story. On the left, a man wearing a white shirt, a light-colored hat, and a backpack is running towards the right. He has a look of surprise or alarm. Next to him, a woman in a yellow dress is also running. They are being confronted by several indigenous people. One man in the foreground, wearing a brown loincloth, is holding a spear pointed directly at the man in the white shirt. Other indigenous people are visible in the background, some looking on. The setting is a dense jungle with large green leaves and trees. The style is that of a classic comic book illustration.



CAPTURED AND BOUND, THEY ARE DRIVEN TO THE SAVAGES' JUNGLE VILLAGE, WHERE THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY-----





BACK AT NELSON'S PEARL HARBOR ---

WAR  
DRUMS  
!!

WE'RE IN FOR  
IT! - CAN'T ESCAPE!  
OUR BOATS ARE  
OUT TO SEA !!

LORD! - I PRAY  
AUSTRALIA AND  
THE OTHERS ARE  
SAFE !!



CAN'T DO  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
THEM NOW! - OR  
MUCH FOR  
OURSELVES!

WE CAN  
FORTIFY  
ONE OF TH'  
BUILDINGS  
!!

EVERYBODY IN  
TH' STOREHOUSE!  
WE'LL FIGHT  
'EM OFF!!



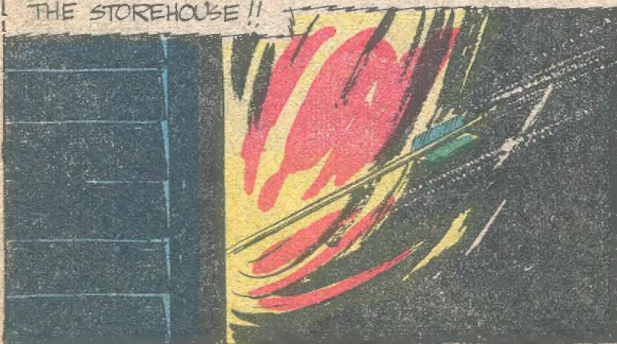
THE BIG FRAME STRUCTURE IS HASTILY BARRICADED - NELSON ISSUES GUNS AND AMMUNITION, AND HIS MEN TAKE STRATEGIC POSTS ---- NERVOUSLY THEY WAIT AS THE THROBBING DRUMS SOUND LOUDER AND LOUDER ---- CLOSER AND CLOSER ----

MUST BE OVER TWO  
HUNDRED OF THOSE DEVILS -  
AND ONLY FOURTEEN OF US !!  
THINK WE CAN HOLD 'EM  
OFF? ---- HUH, ED?!

STOP THINKING,  
AND WATCH THAT  
JUNGLE! - AT LEAST,  
WE'LL SHOW 'EM A  
REAL FIGHT ---



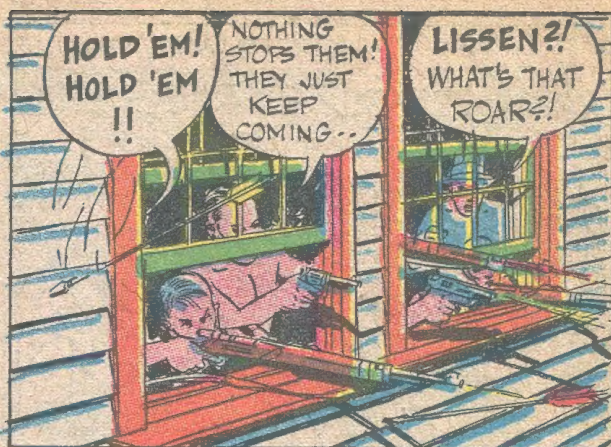
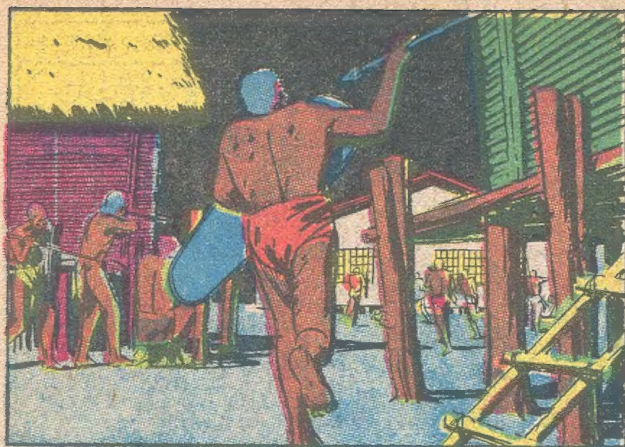
SUDDENLY, THE DRUMS CEASE --- FOR LONG MINUTES THERE IS FOREBODING QUIET ---- THEN A FLAMING ARROW THUDS AGAINST THE STOREHOUSE !!



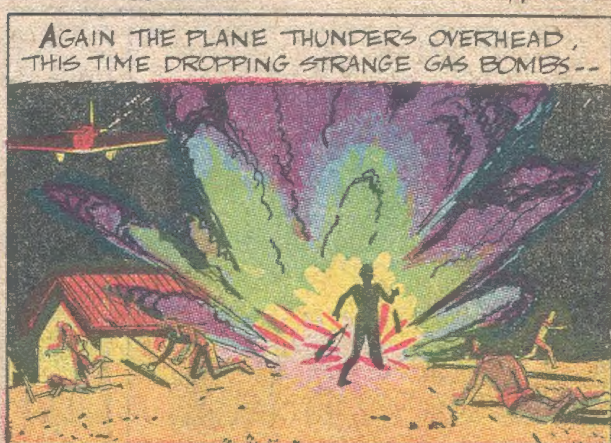
AND THE JUNGLE FRINGE BECOMES ALIVE WITH SCREAMING SAVAGES WHO CHARGE THE BUILDING ----





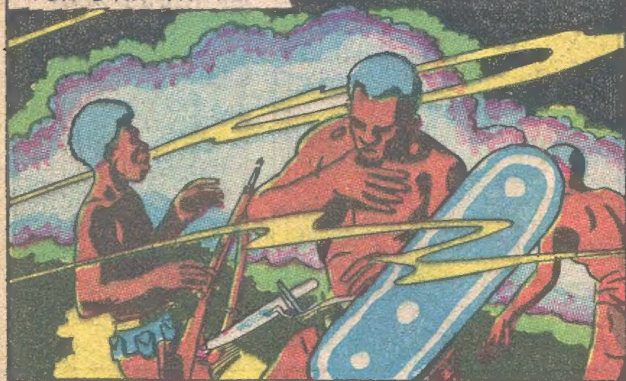


THE ROAR GROWS LOUDER, AND LOUDER, AND THE SAVAGES FREEZE WITH BEWILDERMENT WHEN A GREAT BIRD FLASHES OVERHEAD, DROPPING FIRE ----





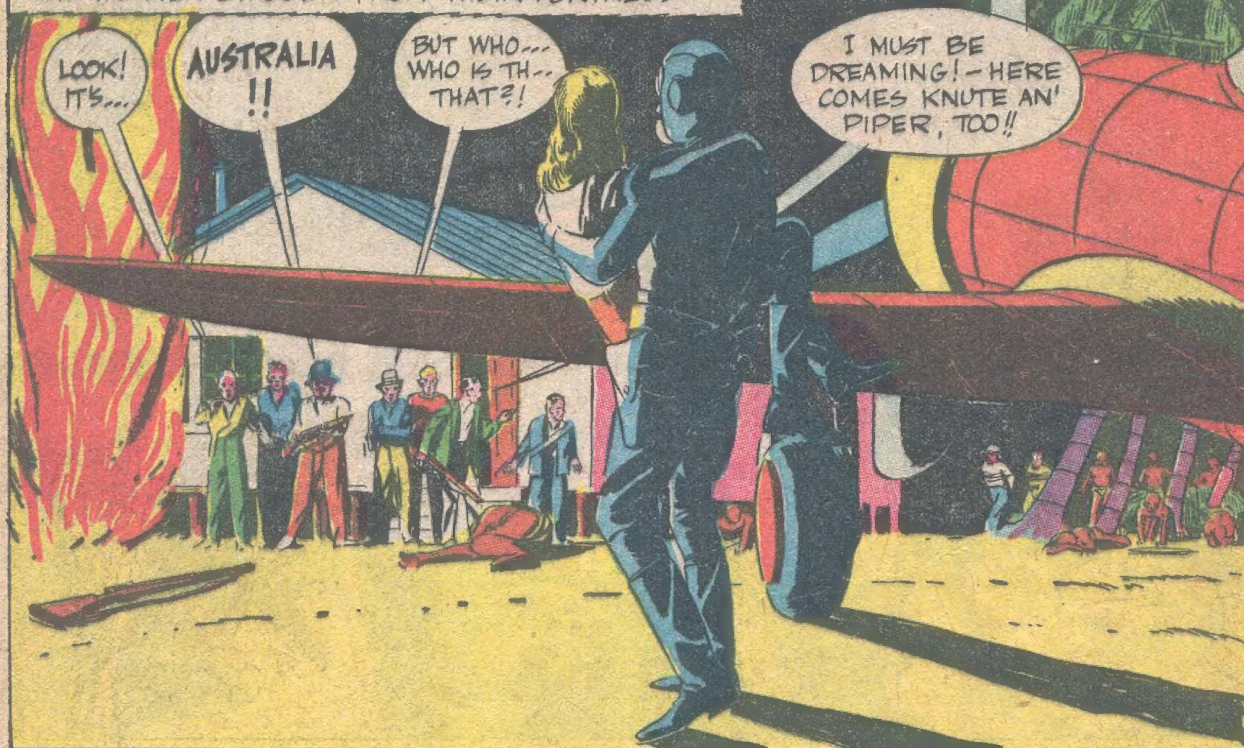
SOME OF THE ATTACKERS COLLAPSE, CHOKING FOR BREATH ----



ONE HUGE WARRIOR TURNS ON RED HATCH -

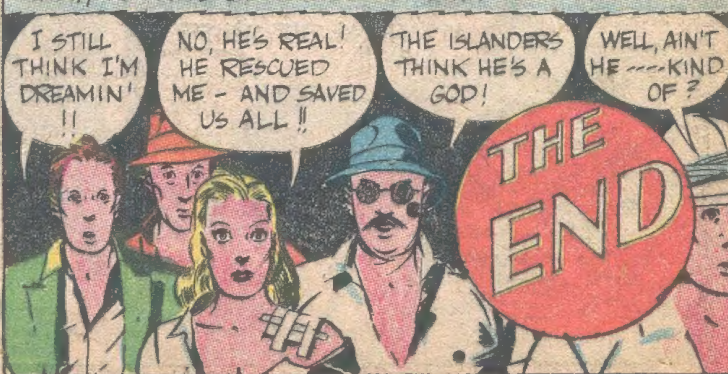


SEEING THE FRIGHTENED ISLANDERS BEND DOWN IN RESPECT TO THE GREAT BIRD, THE SANDMAN CIRCLES, LANDS ON THE SMOOTH BEACH LIGHTED BY FLARES, AND TAXIES CLOSE TO THE BIG STOREHOUSE - FAINT FROM THE MYSTERIOUS SWEET-SMELLING GAS, NELSON AND HIS MEN STAGGER FROM THEIR FORTRESS -



TELL THE NATIVES THE SANDMAN WILL RETURN AND PUNISH THEM IF THEY CONTINUE TO WAR AGAINST THE WHITE MAN - TELL THEM THEIR FAINTNESS WILL LEAVE THEM WITH NO ILL EFFECTS IF THEY ARE GOOD.

TURNING TO HIS SHIP, THE SANDMAN THUNDERS AWAY, LEAVING BEHIND SOME VERY ASTONISHED PEOPLE -

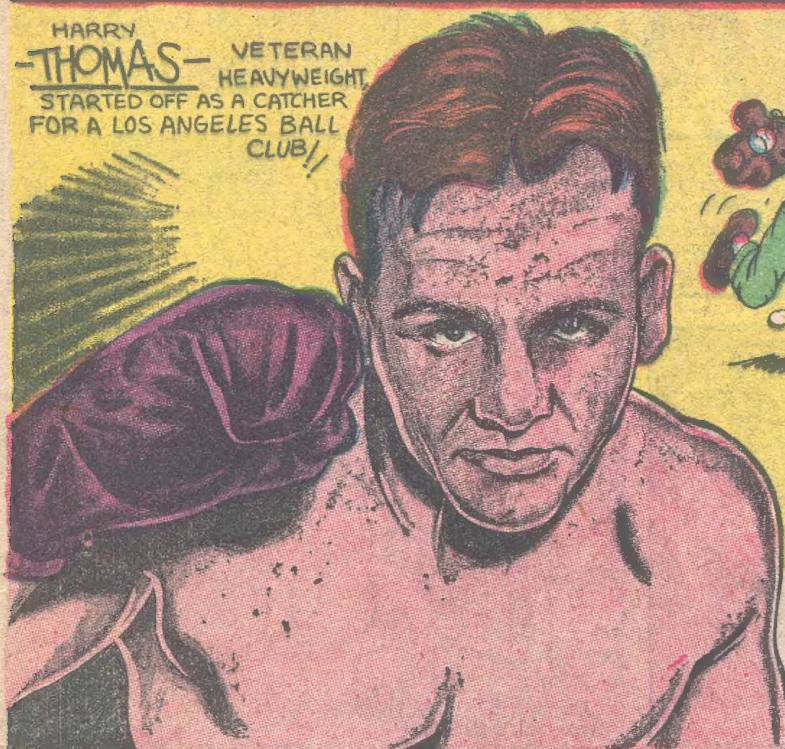




# SPORT DUST

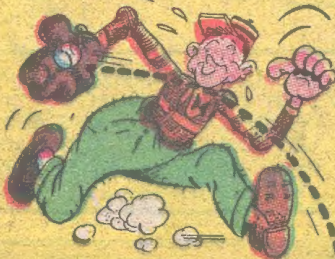
by **SHELDON MOLDOFF**

**HARRY THOMAS**— VETERAN HEAVYWEIGHT STARTED OFF AS A CATCHER FOR A LOS ANGELES BALL CLUB!!



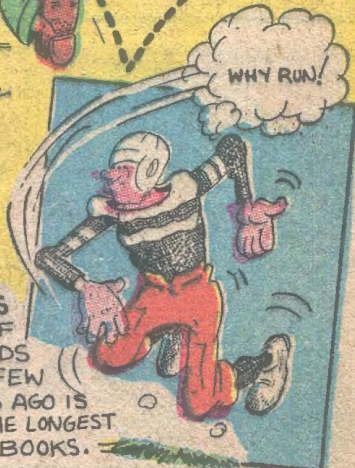
OUT!

IN 1839, THE BATTER WAS OUT IF THE BALL WAS CAUGHT ON THE FIRST BOUNCE



WHY RUN!

BRICK MILLERS PASS OF 70 YARDS MADE A FEW SEASONS AGO IS STILL THE LONGEST IN THE BOOKS.



## A BIKE FOR YOU



MOVIE AND FILM

OH, BOY! Picture yourself riding down the street on this speedy deluxe aluminum bike! Completely streamlined; fully equipped with blast hornlike, coaster brake, platform carrier, cushioned balloon tires, etc. Built low for speed and safety. Geared to give you instant "get-away." Earn this bike (you don't have to buy it!) and any of our 300 other prizes, including a movie machine. **MAKE MONEY**, too. It's easy! It's fun! Just deliver our three popular magazines to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Need not interfere with school. To start toward money and prizes, mail the coupon or rush postal card **AT ONCE!** Boys who hustle can earn a prize the very first day. Let's go!



Mail This Coupon to Get Started at Once

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 884  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company  
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning **MONEY** and **PRIZES**. Send your latest 32-page Prize Book, showing 300 items boys can earn.

Name.....Address.....  
City.....State.....Your Age.....



Clip and Mail

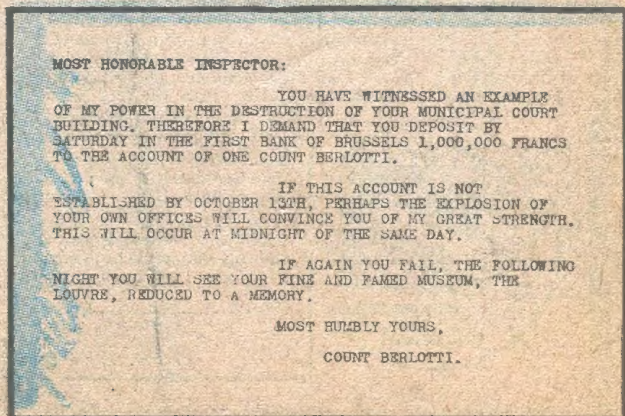
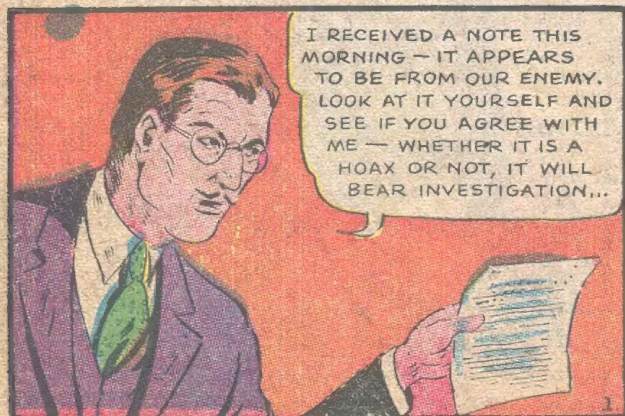
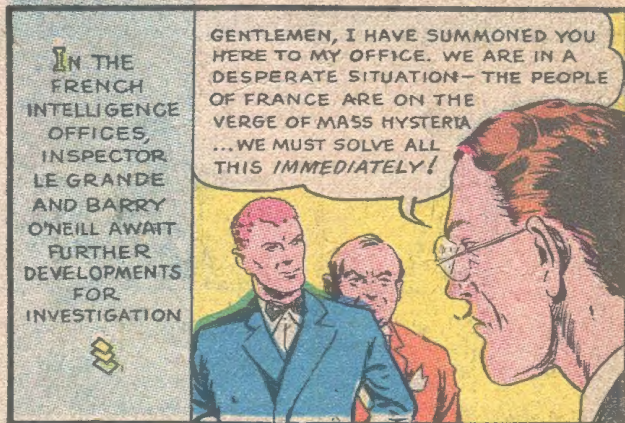
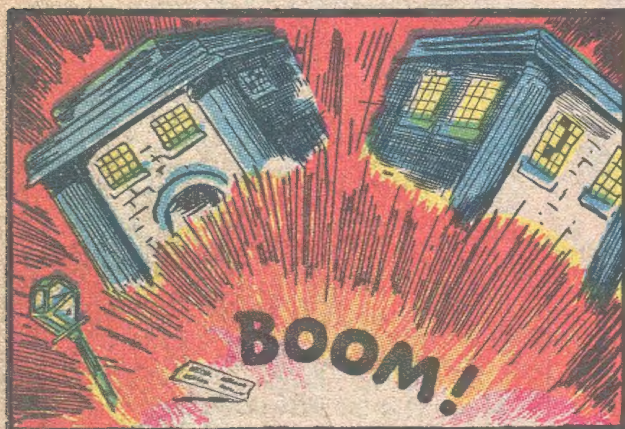


# Barry O'Neill



by Win

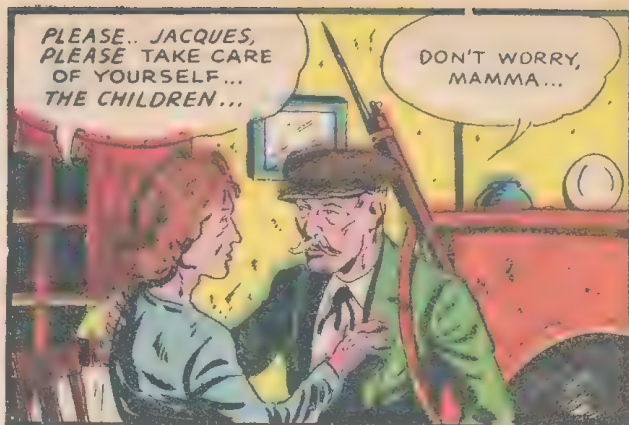
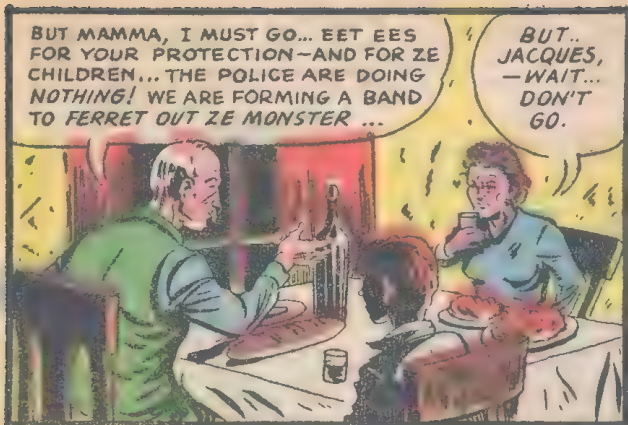
ALL PARIS IS SHOCKED BY THE MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION OF ONE OF ITS MUNICIPAL COURT BUILDINGS. RUMOR RUNS RAMPANT, THEORIES OF THE DOERS AND THEIR PURPOSE ARE ADVANCED—THE AUTHORITIES ARE STUMPED, AND THE POPULACE IS PANIC-STRICKEN, NOT KNOWING THE NEXT TARGET OF THIS OUTRAGE...



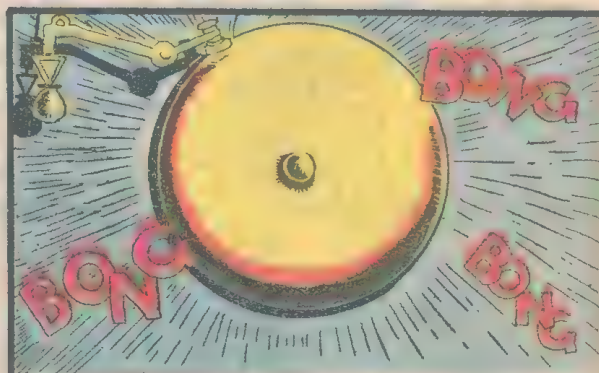




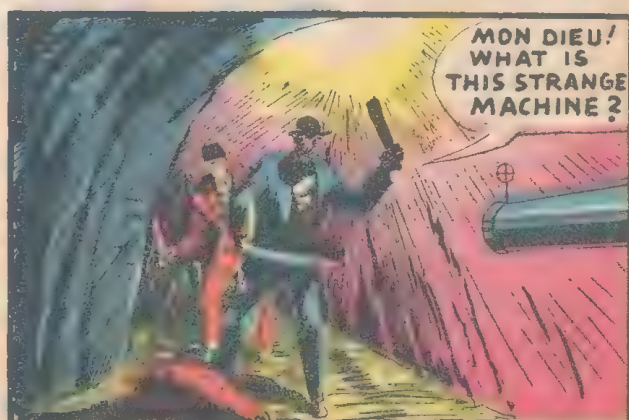
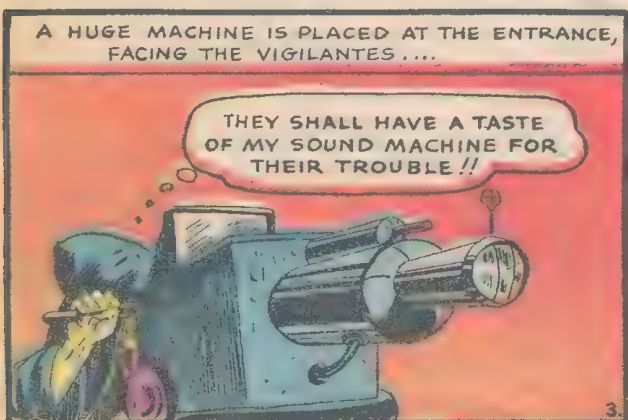




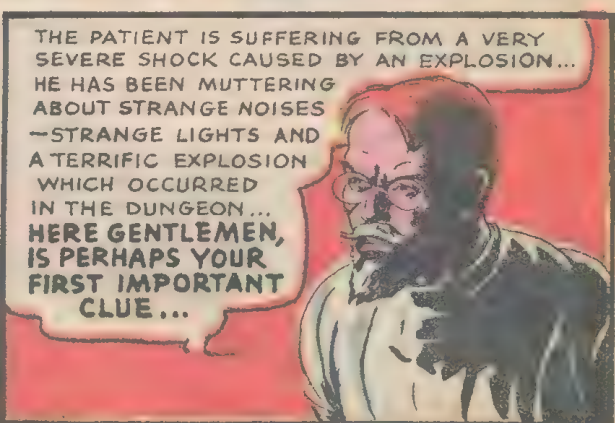
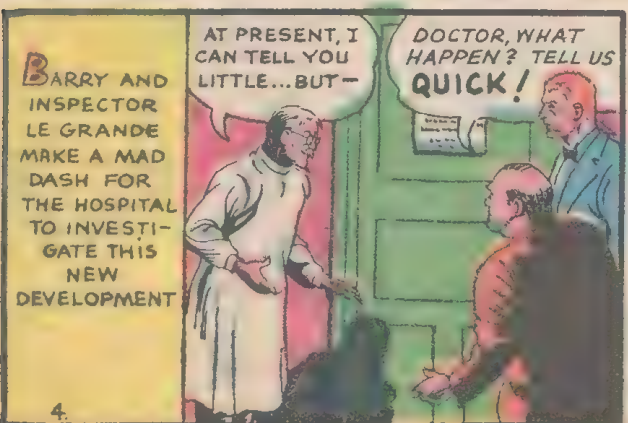
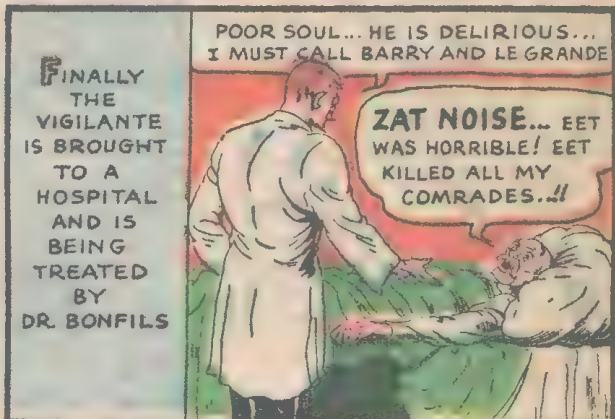
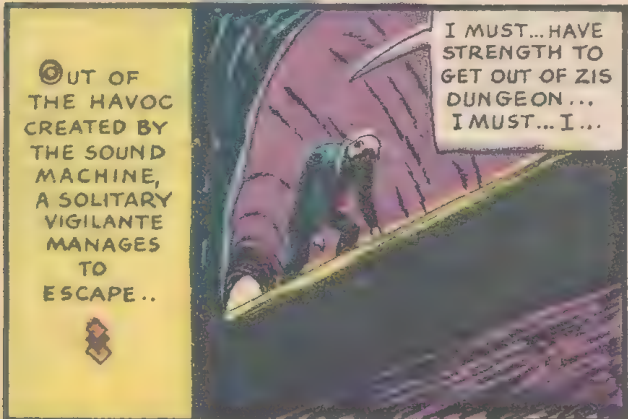
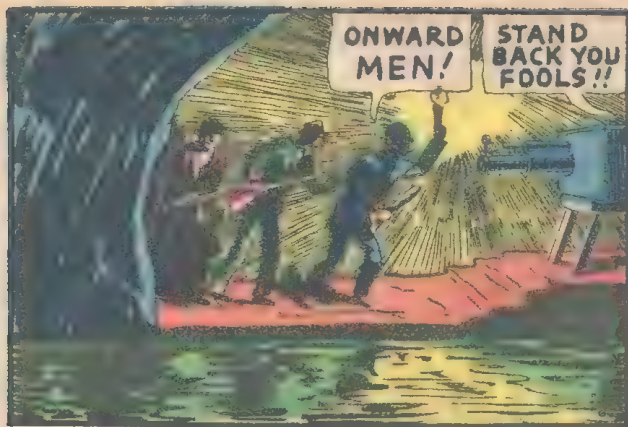
THROUGH THE SEWERS OF PARIS THE VIGILANTES ARE TRACKING DOWN EVERY POSSIBLE CLUE ...



SUDDENLY A SECRET ALARM GOES OFF AS THE VIGILANTES APPROACH...







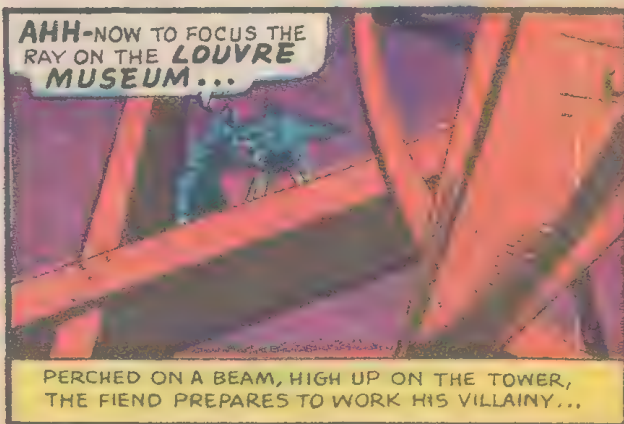
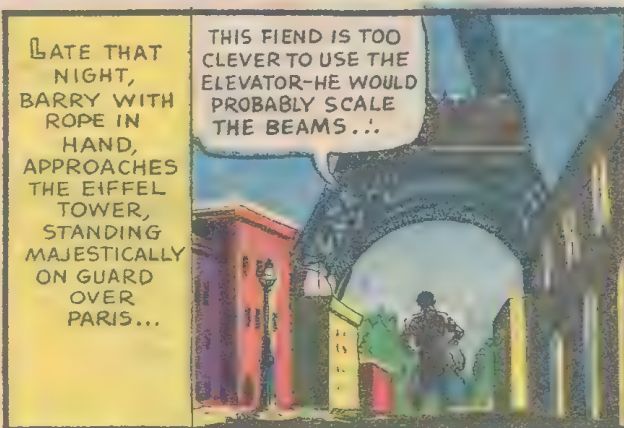
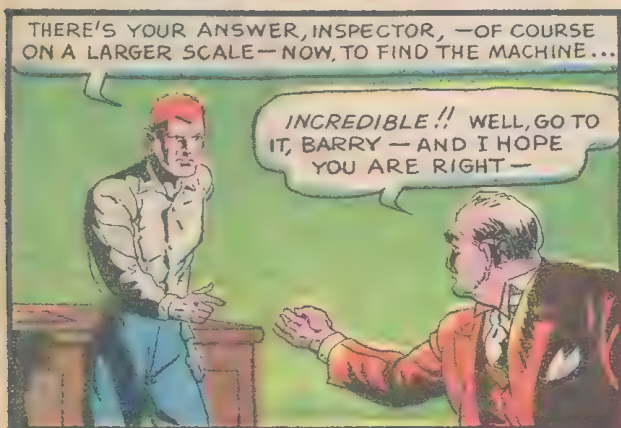
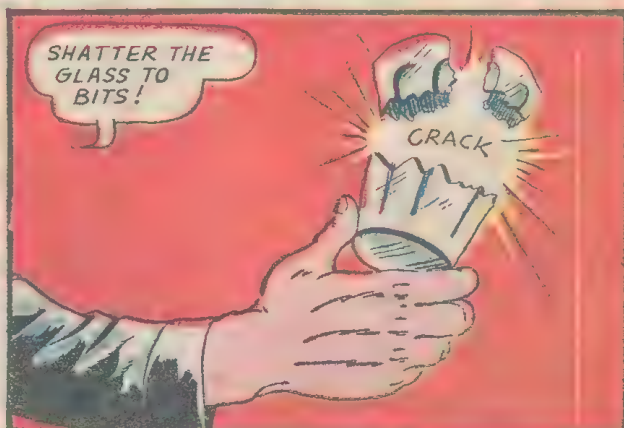
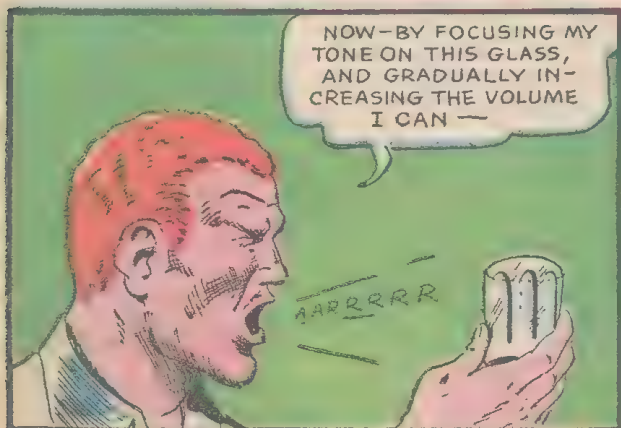


CLOSETED IN THE INNER OFFICE OF INSPECTOR LE GRANDE, BARRY EXPLAINS HIS THEORY OF HOW HE THINKS THE ATROCITIES WERE COMMITTED

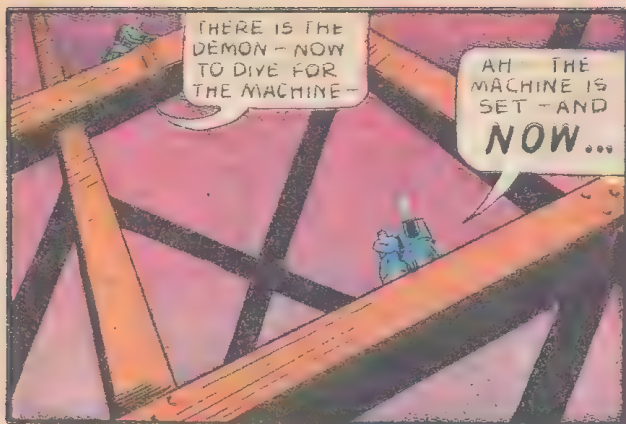
BEFORE THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING WAS BLOWN UP, A BEAM OF LIGHT WAS FOCUSED ON IT... FIGURING IT OUT MATHEMATICALLY, THERE IS BUT ONE SPOT THE BEAM COULD... HAVE COME

I SEE - AND THAT SPOT YOU HAVE MARKED IS THE EIFFEL TOWER BUT THE NOISE -

VERY INTERESTING - HAVE YOU EVER HEARD, INSPECTOR, HOW SOUND MAY BE APPLIED TO DESTROY MATERIAL OBJECTS? - LET ME DEMONSTRATE...

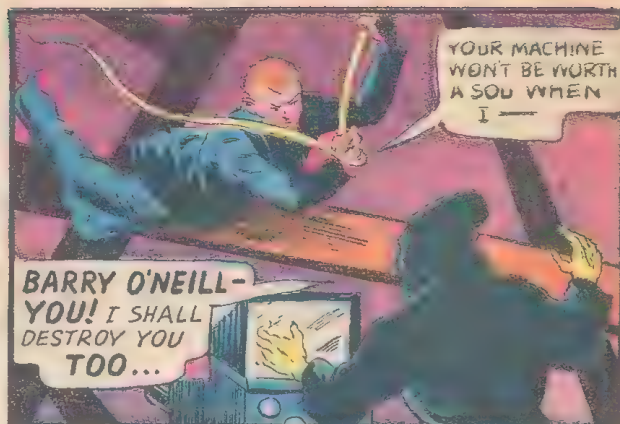






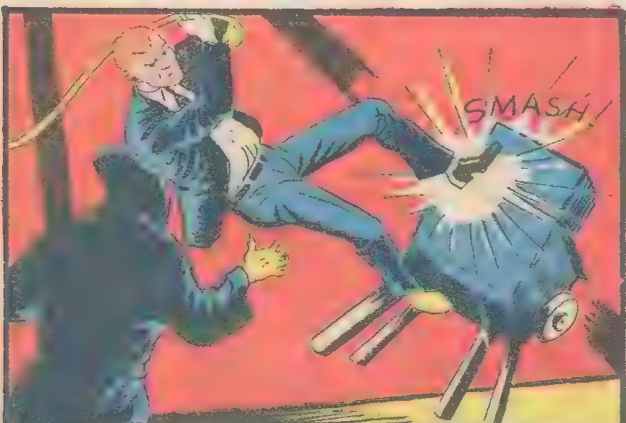
THERE IS THE DEMON - NOW TO DIVE FOR THE MACHINE -

AH - THE MACHINE IS SET - AND NOW...

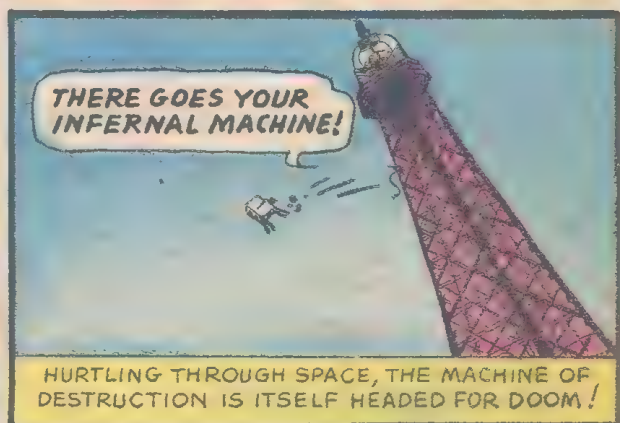


YOUR MACHINE WON'T BE WORTH A SOU WHEN I -

BARRY O'NEILL - YOU! I SHALL DESTROY YOU TOO...



SMASH!



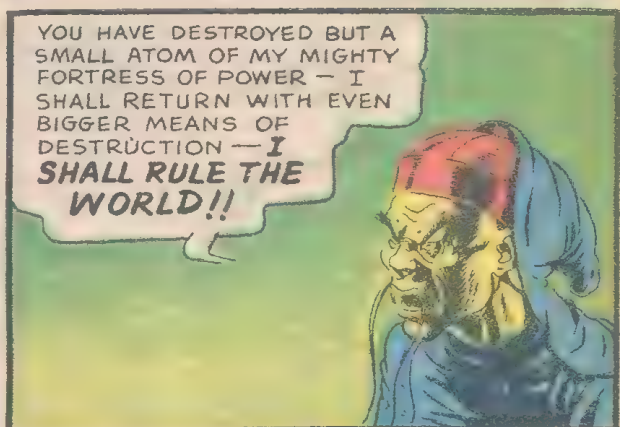
THERE GOES YOUR INFERNAL MACHINE!

HURLING THROUGH SPACE, THE MACHINE OF DESTRUCTION IS ITSELF HEADED FOR DOOM!

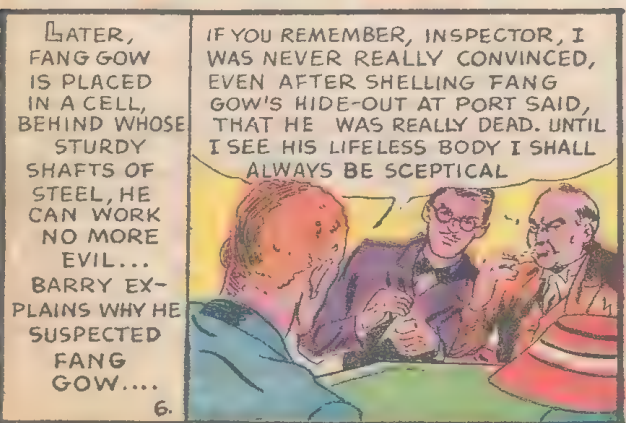


C'MON TAKE OFF THE HOOD! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD PERPETRATE SUCH CRIMES - FANG GOW!

BARRY O'NEILL, YOU HAVE ME NOW BUT I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE -



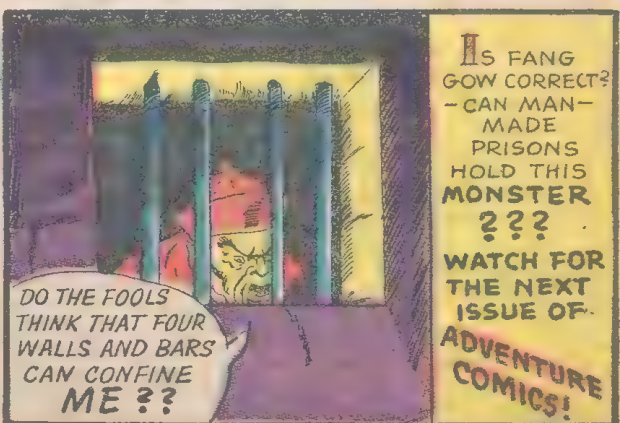
YOU HAVE DESTROYED BUT A SMALL ATOM OF MY MIGHTY FORTRESS OF POWER - I SHALL RETURN WITH EVEN BIGGER MEANS OF DESTRUCTION - I SHALL RULE THE WORLD!!



LATER, FANG GOW IS PLACED IN A CELL, BEHIND WHOSE STURDY SHAFTS OF STEEL, HE CAN WORK NO MORE EVIL... BARRY EXPLAINS WHY HE SUSPECTED FANG GOW....

6.

IF YOU REMEMBER, INSPECTOR, I WAS NEVER REALLY CONVINCED, EVEN AFTER SHELLING FANG GOW'S HIDE-OUT AT PORT SAID, THAT HE WAS REALLY DEAD. UNTIL I SEE HIS LIFELESS BODY I SHALL ALWAYS BE SCEPTICAL



DO THE FOOLS THINK THAT FOUR WALLS AND BARS CAN CONFIN ME ??

IS FANG GOW CORRECT? - CAN MAN-MADE PRISONS HOLD THIS MONSTER ???

WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS!



# FEDERAL MEN

by  
JEROME SIEGEL  
AND  
WAYNE BORING

MAY I HAVE A  
BOTTLE OF GORMAN'S  
COUGH MEDICINE?

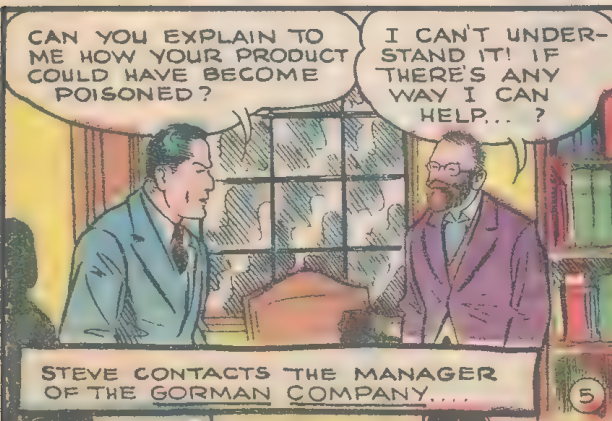
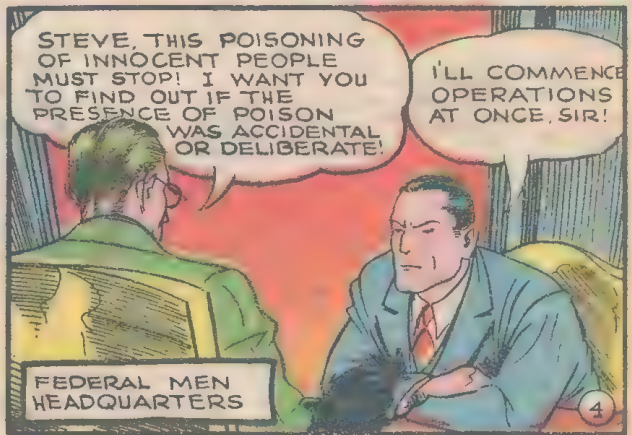
HERE YOU ARE, SIR  
IT'LL BANISH YOUR  
COLD IN A JIFFY!

WHEN THE CUSTOMER REACHES HIS HOME...

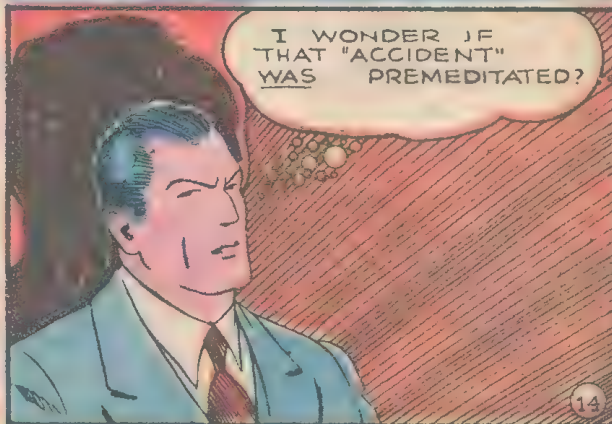
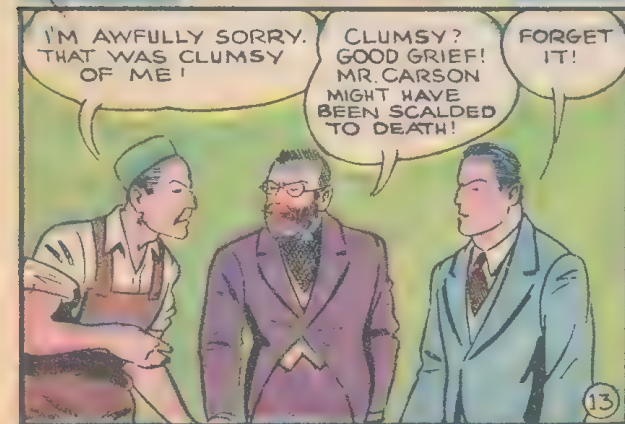
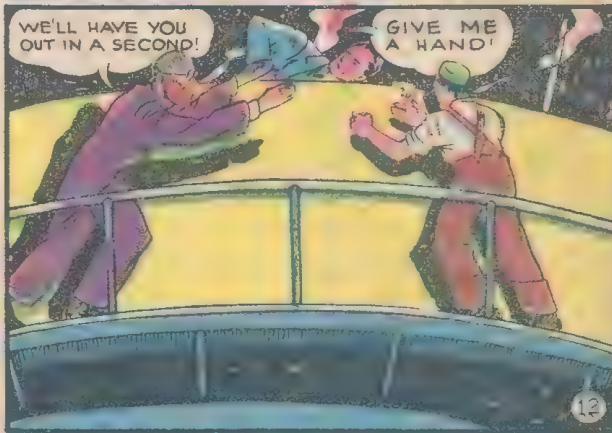
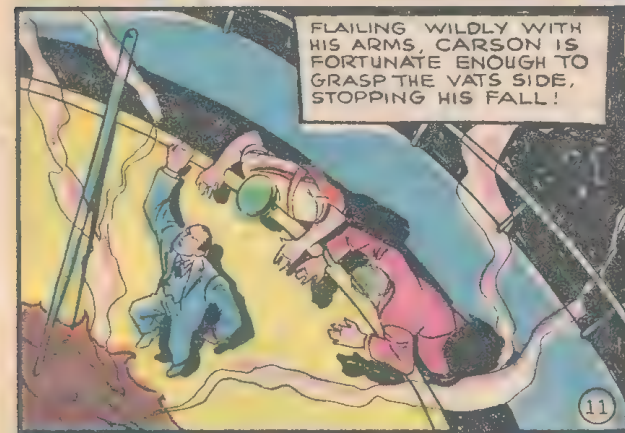
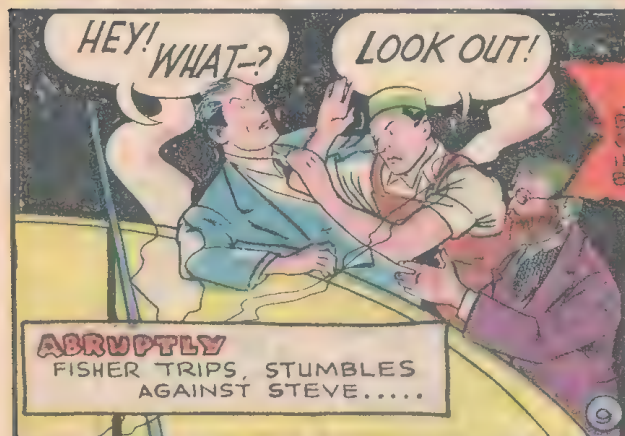
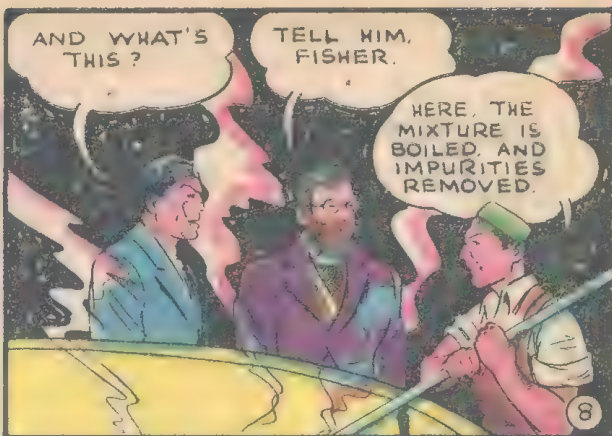
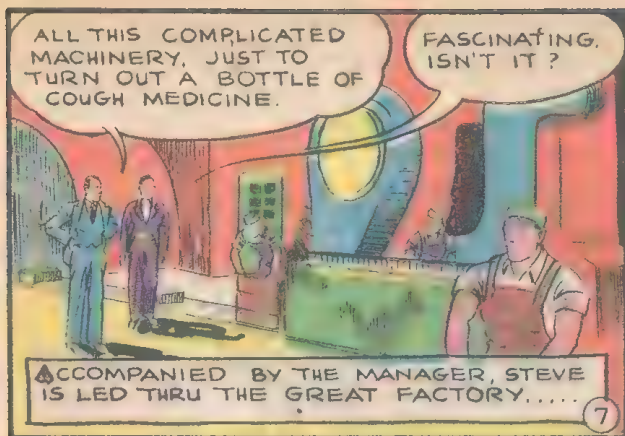
HERE'S HOPING  
IT WORKS! THIS  
COUGH IS DRIVING  
ME DAFFY!

A FEW  
SECONDS  
AFTER

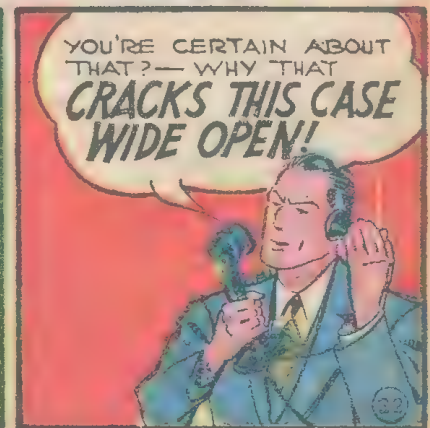
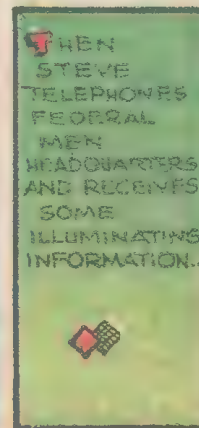
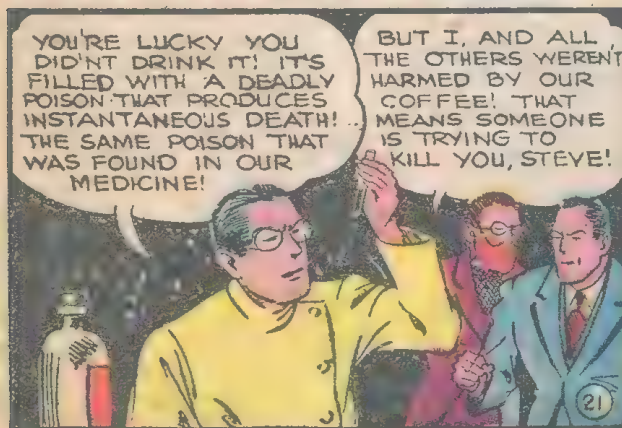
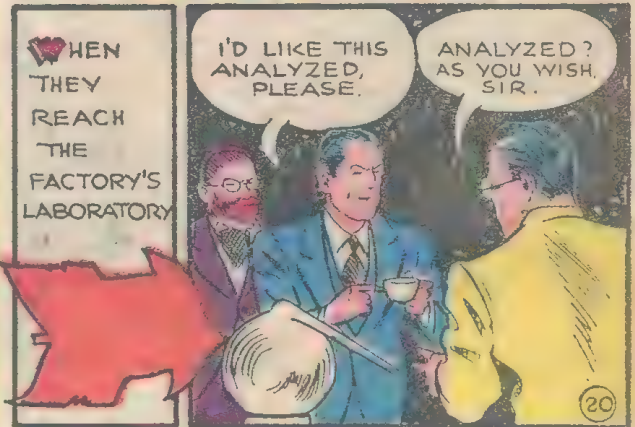
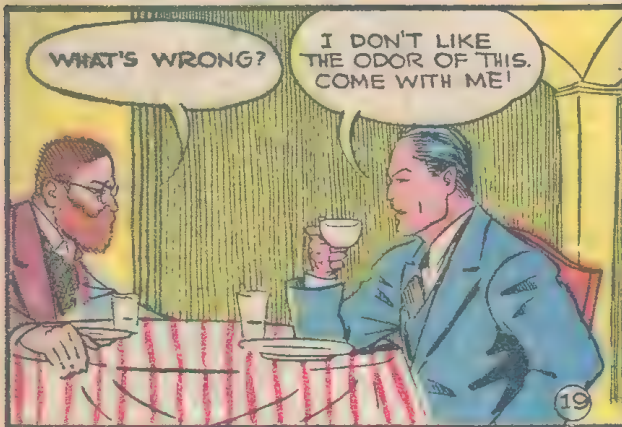
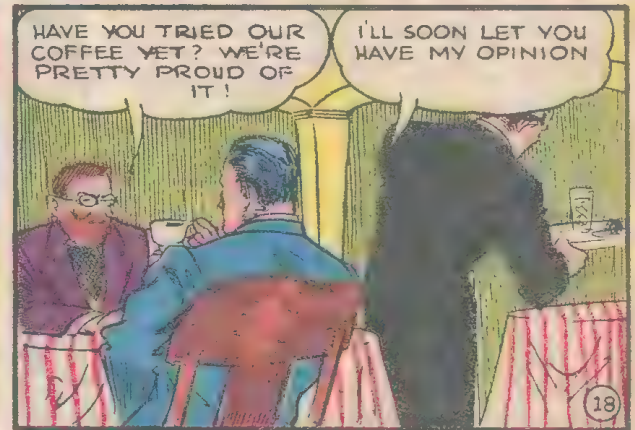
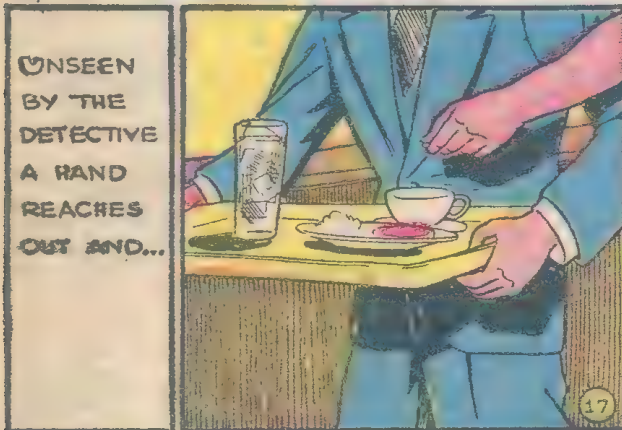
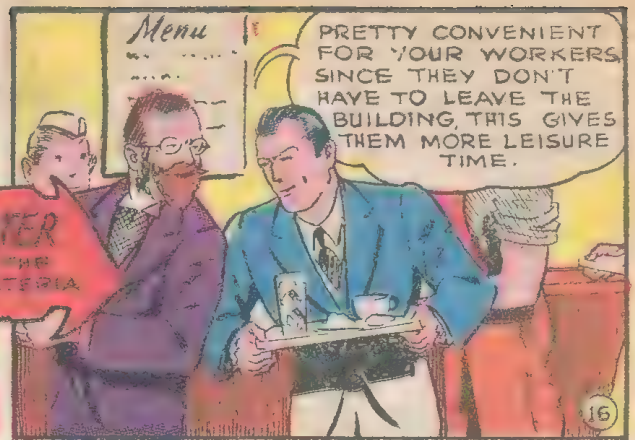
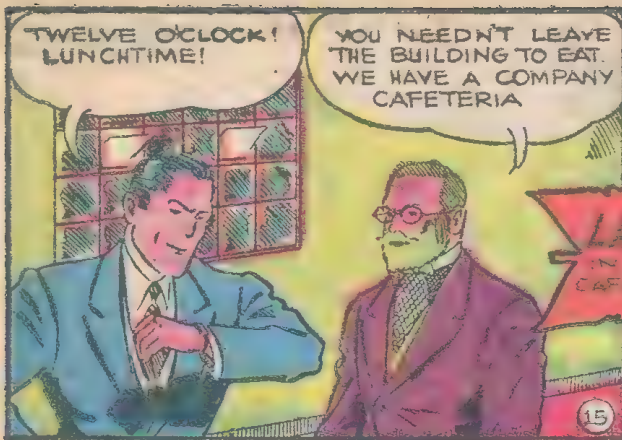
YA-A-A!



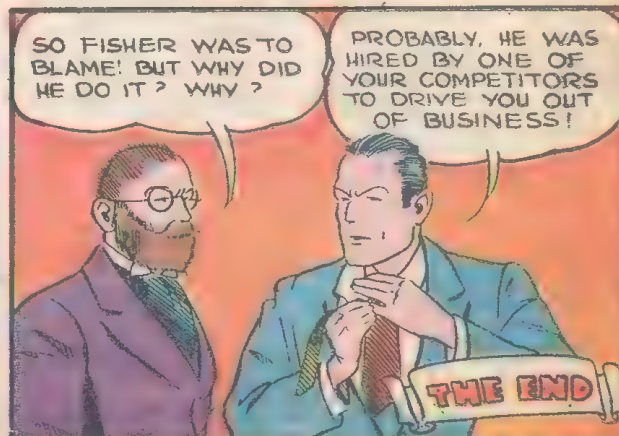
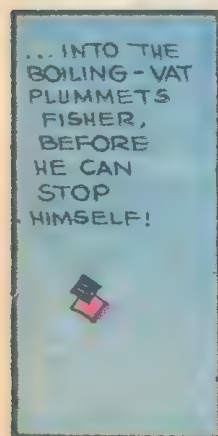
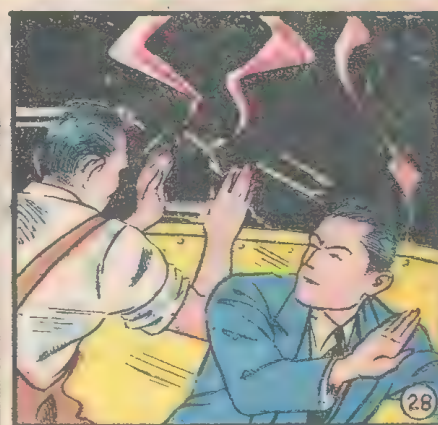
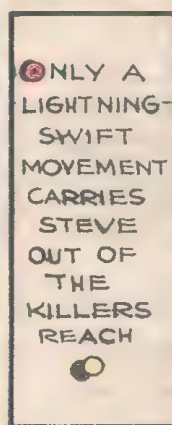
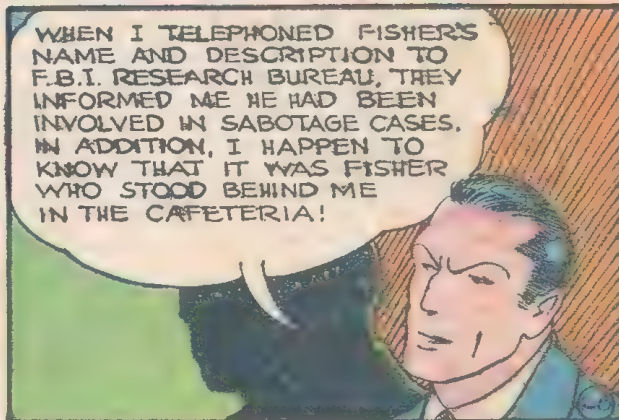
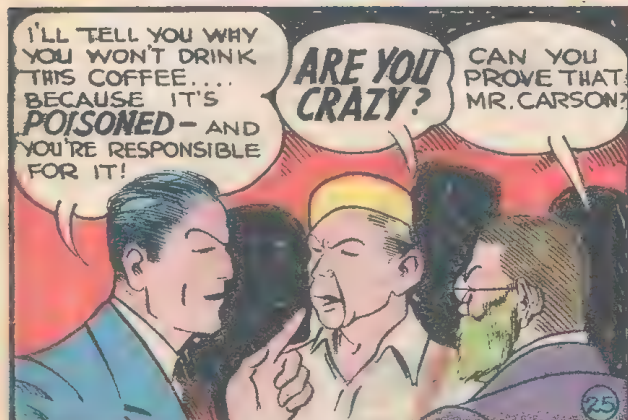
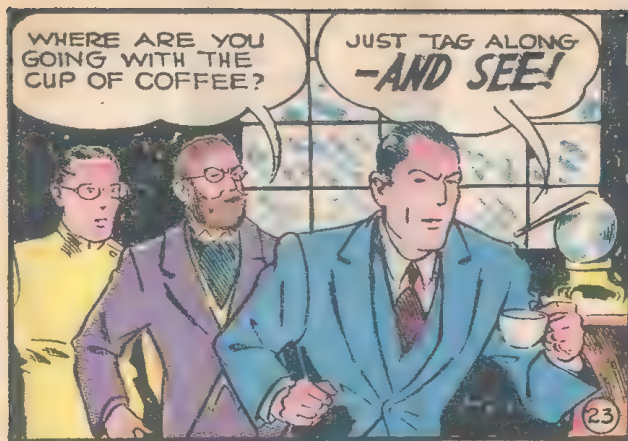














# JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

**HELLO** again, Members!

This month I want to tell you how the modern art of hunting criminals makes it increasingly difficult for the "old fashioned" style of burglar or murderer to make a clean escape from justice.

All of you Junior Federal men know that nowadays all Police Departments have laboratories that check on all sorts of clues. In the tiny glass test-tubes that the scientific policeman holds, there may be human blood or animal blood. By a series of tests, the scientist will discover what type the blood is. If a human's, it may possess special features that will aid the police in discovering the victim. For instance, if the blood test disclosed a rare disease, queries among doctors and hospitals might reveal the identity of the upknown victim—or unknown criminal!

With fingerprint bureaus, you are familiar. In Washington, the G-men keep elaborate files on thousands and thousands of criminals. A telegram from a Texas or an Idaho small-town policeman would bring the information that the fingerprints discovered, say, on a cash register that had been rifled, belonged to "Desperate Don". Police cars would be notified to be on the lookout for "Desperate Don", wanted for robbery, and inside 48 hours, the criminal would be apprehended.

But did you know—that a person's age can now be determined by a single lock of hair? Yes, Junior Federal men, that is now the case!

Just think what this means to the police. A single hair is found beside the body of a murdered man. The policeman sends this hair to his departmental labora-

tory where it is dipped into a solution of chemicals. By the length of time the hair takes to dissolve, the scientist knows how old the person is, whether it be infant, young lady, or old man!

All of this information, when put together, is so invaluable to the modern policeman that it is becoming more and more rare for a criminal to "make good" an escape.

A recent murder case involved a bloodsoaked woman's dress, a pair of shoes and some hair. With these clues to go by, the police reconstructed the victim—a woman of about thirty, with brunette hair, good taste in clothes, and about middle class: *although no body had yet been found!*

By taking the shoes to various shoemakers, the police found that the young woman lived in a certain house, was married, and that her husband worked in a factory. The husband was shadowed; and in his absence, the police broke into his house and found the body of the murdered woman downstairs in the cellar.

The husband's arrest, confession and conviction followed at once. By smart, efficient police work and good use of clues, the law-protectors won again.

Remember—never overlook a clue, no matter how seemingly small and unimportant. It may be the "break" in your case that you've been waiting for!

Yours for LAW and ORDER!

Steve Carson.

## Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Steve Carson.

J. F. M. C. Headquarters,  
480 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Dear Steve:

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. I want to help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City and State.....



# Adventure Stamp Page

## FORTHCOMING U. S. STAMP

Postmaster General James A. Farley has announced the forthcoming issue of a single postage stamp to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of statehood for North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington. The stamp will appear in November with a face value of three cents and will be printed in purple.

Details of design and first day sale will be announced later and we anticipate considerable discussion in postal circles before they are arranged. First day sale will probably take place simultaneously in the capitals of the four states, though the date may provide a crisis. North and South Dakota became states on November 2nd, 1889, Montana was admitted to the Union on November 8th and Washington followed on November 11th.

• • • • •

## BULGARIAN NEWS

Bulgaria is showing considerable philatelic activity of late. Two stamps have been released to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of postal service and a five value sports set is scheduled to appear within the next few weeks.

The commemorative consists of a 1 lev bright green stamp bearing the postal coat of arms, and a 2 leva in vermilion showing a view of the post office.

• • • • •

## ANOTHER RED CROSS STAMP

Siam has joined the list of nations issuing stamps in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Red Cross. The new release consists of overprints on three values of the 1912 series portraying King Vajiravudh. The overprint consists of a red cross, the Siamese inscription for "75th Anniversary", and new values, which are: 5 satangs plus 5s on the old 1 baht stamp; 10s plus 5s on the 2 baht value and 15s plus 5s on the 3 baht.

• • • • •

## RANDOM NOTES

Ecuador has released three new airmails in a common design. Picturing a plane flying over mountainous country, the adhesive appears in three values: 1 sucre brown; 2s red-purple and 5s gray.

A set of five airmails is soon to be released by Togo.

Another benefit set for the restoration of Orval Abbey is being planned by Belgium. This will be the third stamp issue released for that purpose, the others having appeared in 1928 and 1929.

Chile's newest addition to the series of pictorial postal paper, being currently released, is a 2 pesos stamp in rose-lake picturing a freighter moored at a wharf.

A 400 reis stamp in blue has been issued by Brazil in honor of the centenary of the founding of the town of Santos. A view of the port, noted for its trade in coffee, appears on the stamp.

Germany has re-issued the three automobile show stamps with the overprint "Nurburgring-Pennen" in black, to honor a recent automobile event in Nurburgring.

**FREE!!** TWO CORONATION SETS, an Abolition Stamp of King Edward and TWO pretty foreign pictorial sets including an Austrian set. You can have these historically interesting stamps by sending us 4c (four cents) to cover cost of postage and packing. Interesting approvals included.

R. T. ROBERTS & CO. 812 Shearer Bldg. Bay City, Mich.



**LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLE!** (shown) also Snake stamp, Silver Jubilee, Merman stamp, Gobi

Desert, Devil's Island, set U S (nearly 50 years old), etc.—all FREE with bug lists and approvals. Send 3c postage.

PILGRIM STAMP CO.

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GLOBUS STAMP CO.

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## LIBERIA ZOO TRIANGLE

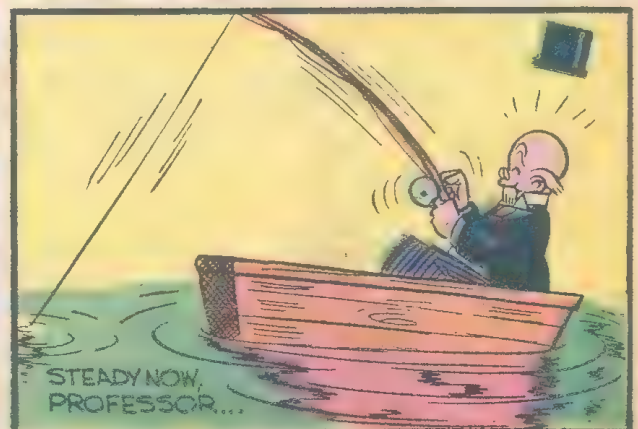
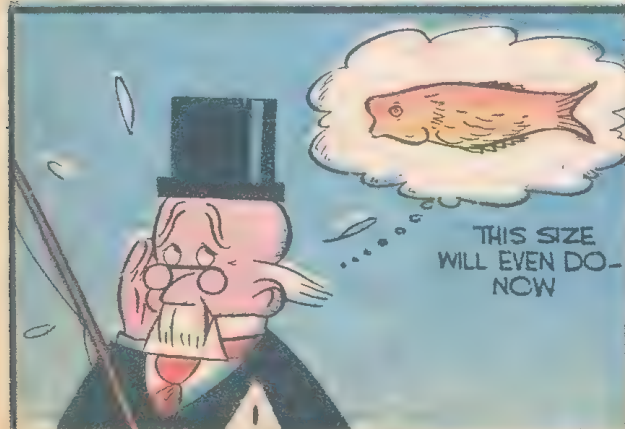
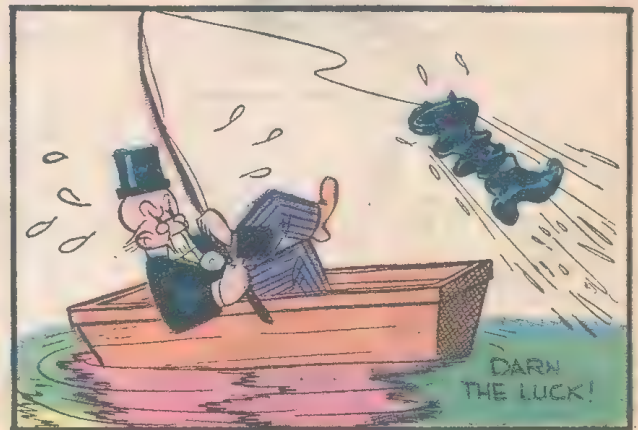
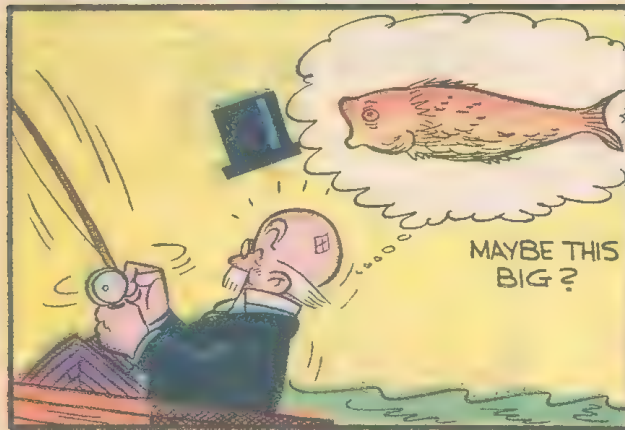
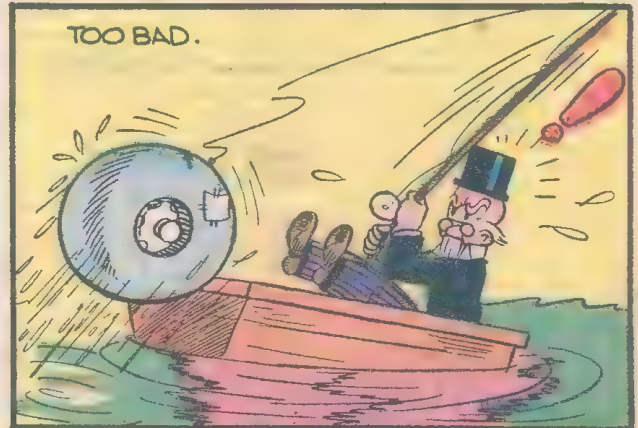
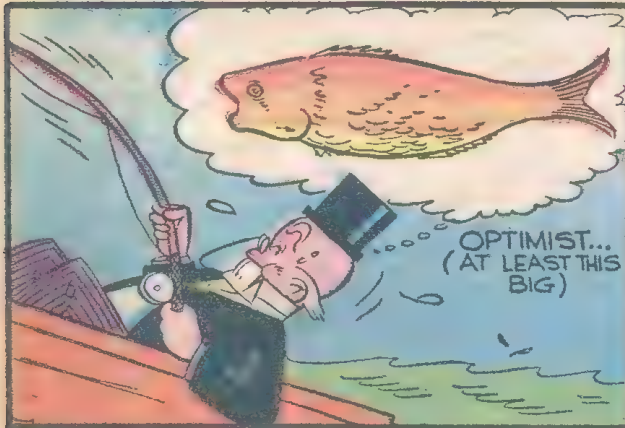
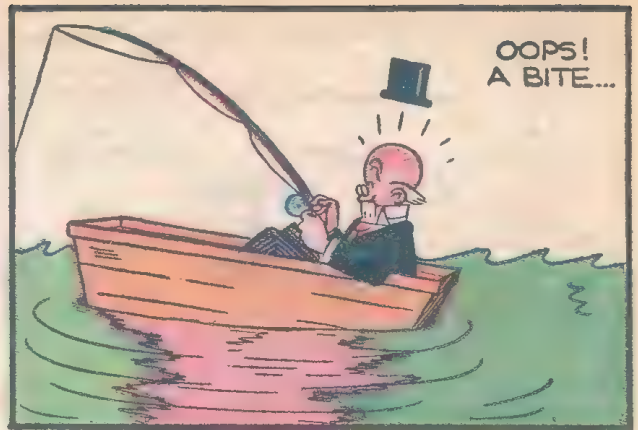
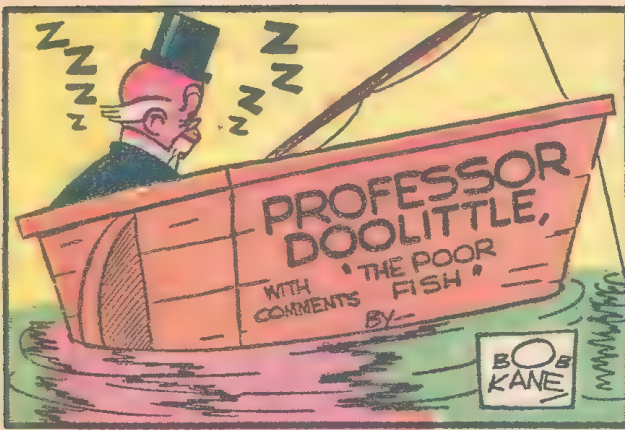
FREE!

(as shown) also famous Will Rogers Airmail, Irish George Washington stamp, Italian Abyssinia, Sahara Desert, Pirate Islands, South Seas, Ships, etc. Everything FREE with approvals and lists for 3c postage.

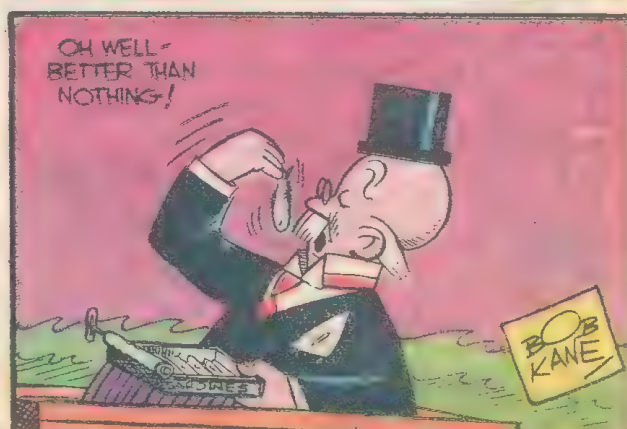
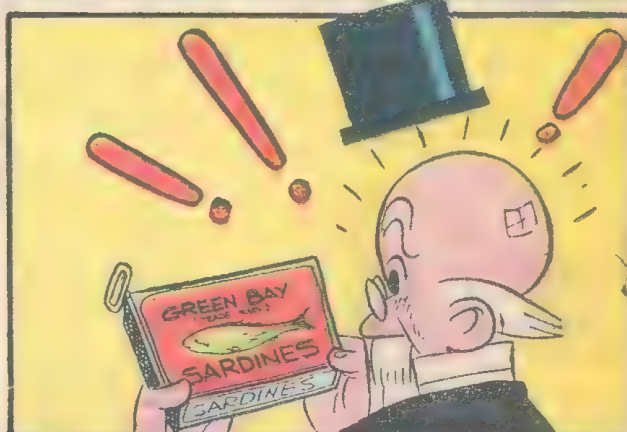
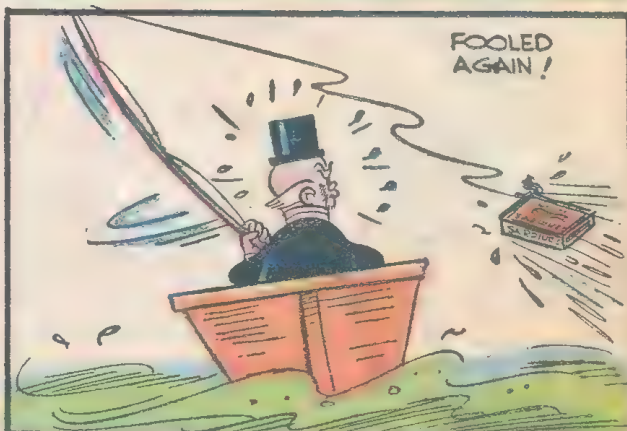
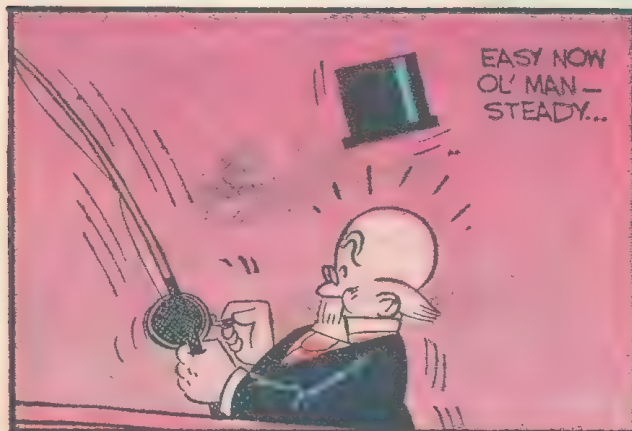
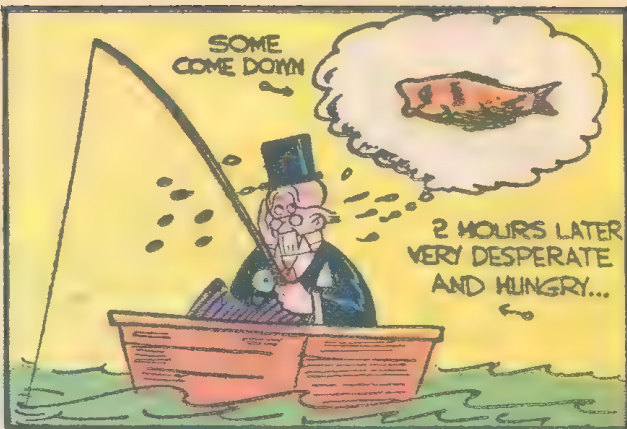
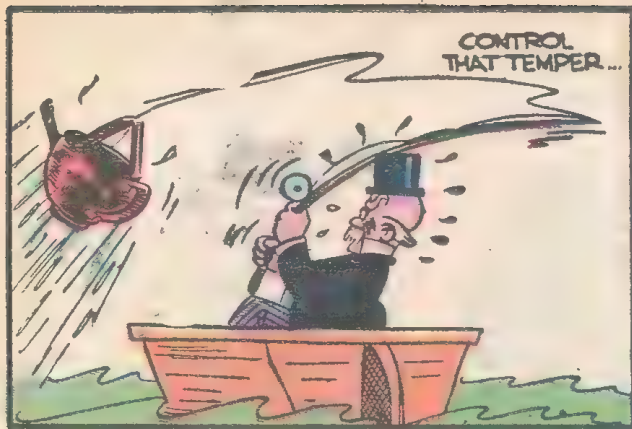
MONUMENTAL STAMP CO

Arlington-N. Baltimore, Md.













**T**HE sleek gray hull of the K12 knifed through the choppy waters off the coast of Virginia, her white initials with painted shadows glistening brilliantly through the silvery foam that rose from her bow. Overhead fluffy clouds roiled slowly across a deep blue sky and the pleasant sound of the churning waters sweeping by the side of the submarine alone broke the stillness of the day.

On the bridge stood Captain Stanley, a middle-aged well-built man with fifteen years of active and creditable service in the U. S. Navy to his name. His iron-gray hair, firm mouth and steel blue eyes bespoke authority and confidence. He was a man who had been born to the sea, loved it and had followed it.

By his side was Lieutenant Kenny, second in command during the trial run of the new K12. He was young, lean and highly tanned by the sun and salty clime. Calmly, he kept his eyes fastened on the minute hand of his wrist watch. The time for the final and deepest trial dive of the submarine was fast approaching.

"Three o'clock, Captain," said the Lieutenant.

"Fine!" the commanding officer replied. "Let's start the tests and get them over as quickly as pos-

sible. I'd like to drop anchor in Norfolk sometime tomorrow morning, and I believe we can if everything runs as smoothly as we all expect."

Dick Kenny telephoned down to the engine room to stand by for orders. The Captain's eye scanned the blue horizon for some sign of the destroyer that should be approaching to assist the submarine in the event of any mishap. The K12 had contacted the fighting vessel by radio and had been informed that a slight engine trouble would prevent it from meeting the submarine at the appointed time. Captain Stanley replied that his under-water craft would commence her tests at the pre-arranged spot and for the destroyer to steam to this spot and remain idle till the submarine came to the surface again.

"Three minutes after," said Dick. "Hadh't we best start the dive, sir?"

"Yes, we'll begin now," answered the Captain, climbing into the hatch. "The *Falcon* will probably be here when we break the surface."

Dick stepped into the hatch after the Captain and drawing the covering over the hole, made it fast and then descended into the middle of the submarine. The men stood by their position, ready for

the word that would plunge the K12 down in to the depths of the Atlantic.

Captain Stanley peered through the periscope for a final glance of the ocean's surface and then turned to Dick. "We will proceed with the test, Lieutenant."

Dick glanced at the depth gauges, found them true and then issued the order. "Fifty feet and then level off!"

The vents of the K12 opened wide and the ballast tanks were more than half full. Her prow suddenly nosed beneath the waves and she started down.

The dive was swift and skillfully accomplished. The submarine leveled off and proceeded along for a half minute or so. Captain Stanley noted the ship's performance with satisfaction.

"Three hundred feet we'll go this time, Lieutenant," he said to Dick. "And we'll try to make it as quickly as possible!"

Dick turned and repeated the order to the men. The tanks were almost filled completely and the inclinometer bubble was all but lost from sight as the cigar-shaped hulk dived downward at a sharp angle. The color of the water outside the portholes turned from a dark green to a murky gray. With ever increasing speed the K12 cut through the waters toward the black depths.

Dick kept his eye focused on the depth gauge. The needle circled from 175 feet to 200 . . . 225 . . . 250 . . . 280 . . . A strained silence filled the submarine and the crew stood by their posts, tense and alert.

The needle rose to 290 and then 300. Dick swung around to the captain. "Three hundred feet, sir."

"Very good!" he remarked in a quiet voice. "Level off and continue along at 15 knots!"

**D**ICK turned to issue the order but the words never left his mouth. A violent blast shook the vessel from stem to stern. Men were flung from their positions and tumbled across the floor of the submarine like marbles. The captain was thrown against a steel support and received an ugly cut across the forehead. Dick was quick enough to grab the rods on either side of the periscope and prevented himself from being thrown headfirst against the steel bulkhead.



The blast came from somewhere in the stern of the vessel. The cries of men in horrible agony rose above the hissing and clattering sound that followed the explosion. Out of the clouds of green-looking smoke and steam stumbled a sailor. He approached Dick and saluted. "An explosion of unknown origin, sir! A section of the aft bulkheads has ripped apart and water is streaming in!"

"Order the men out and seal that aft section!" Dick issued the order as coolly as he possibly could. "Have either of the engines been damaged?"

"The starboard engine is out of commission, sir!" replied the sailor.

Several sailors carried the captain to his quarters and Dick remained at his post while the thirty odd members of the crew in the aft portion of the K12 scurried forward to comparative safety. The big steel door was closed and tightened as the water rose with alarming rapidity.

"Stand by to surface!" ordered Dick and the crew eagerly turned to the instruments. The progress of the under-water craft and even their very lives now depended on the performance of that single engine. Dick could feel its pulsing vibration as the submarine slowly got under way.

The water-filled aft pointed the

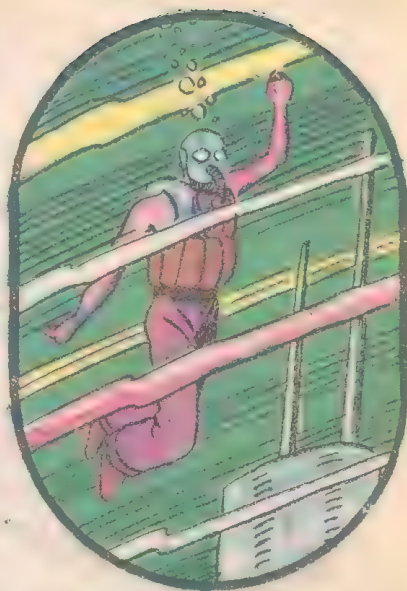
prow of the K12 upward at a perfect angle but the strain on the lone engine forcing it toward the surface was terrific. Grimly, Dick watched the depth needle slide steadily downward from 300 feet to 250 . . . 235 . . . At fifty feet the engine went dead! All forward motion ceased and the submarine rolled slightly on its side and remained in that position.

Dick thought rapidly. Somewhere above them the *Falcon* would be cruising about, waiting for the K12 to break the surface. And somehow or other they would have to contact the *Falcon*.

Without hesitation Dick made up his mind. "Break out one of those Munsen-lungs and have the escape chamber made ready," he sang out. "I'm going to try and make the surface!"

He took off his shirt, shoes and trousers and fitted the breathing device over his head and face. He climbed into the narrow release chamber and prepared for his ascent. The door was sealed behind him and presently the chamber was filled with water. The pressure became increasingly severe and he thought that his ribs and lungs would collapse any minute.

He opened the hatch above his head and started swimming upward through the deep green waters. The journey seemed to



take hours but finally the water became lighter in color and then his head and shoulders bobbed out of the choppy surface. He pulled off the Munsen-lung and then he saw the *Falcon* fifty yards away.

He swam to the vessel and they pulled him aboard. Fifteen minutes later they were over the spot where the K12 floated, fifty feet beneath the waves. A diver went down and attached a guide line for the men who were still trapped in the submarine. And one by one they came to the surface — the unconscious captain was assisted by three members of the crew.

Dick reported to Lieutenant Commander Timmins of the *Falcon*. "Something went amiss, sir. Just what it was we can't say till we get the K12 to the surface and into drydock. But all hands aboard are accounted for, sir."

Timmins smiled. "The credit for saving the lives of the crew is all yours, Lieutenant Kenny, and I congratulate you for the marvelous task you performed. The Navy needs you and men like you . . . and I can assure you it is proud to have you as one of its own. New submarines can always be manufactured but men of courage are born that way. I trust kind Providence will keep you with us for many years to come!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Dick and shook the commander's hand.

THE END



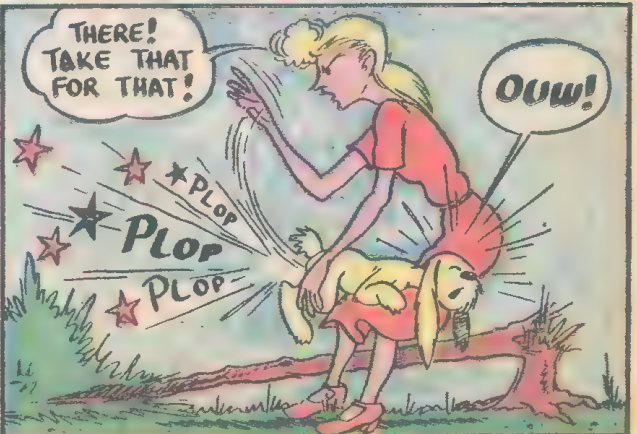
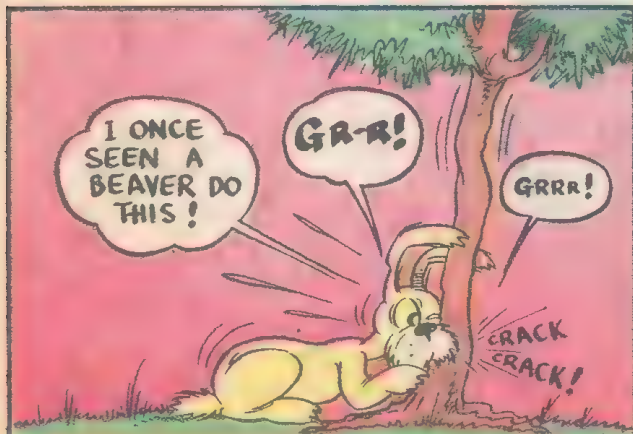
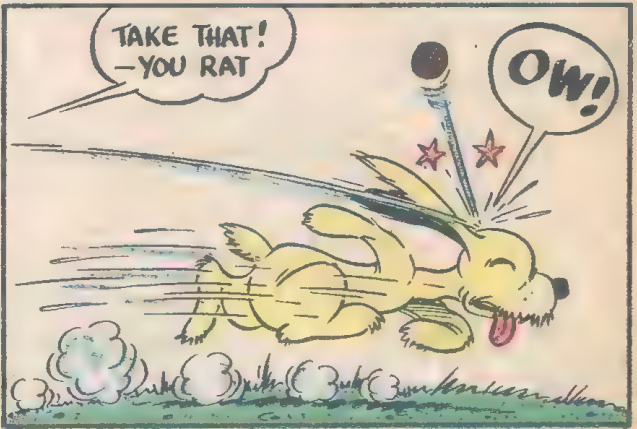
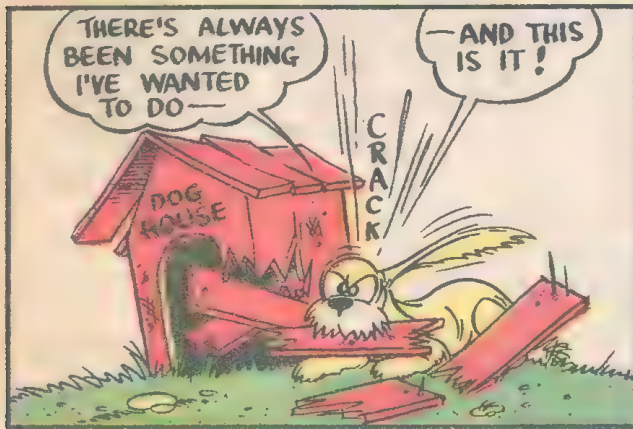
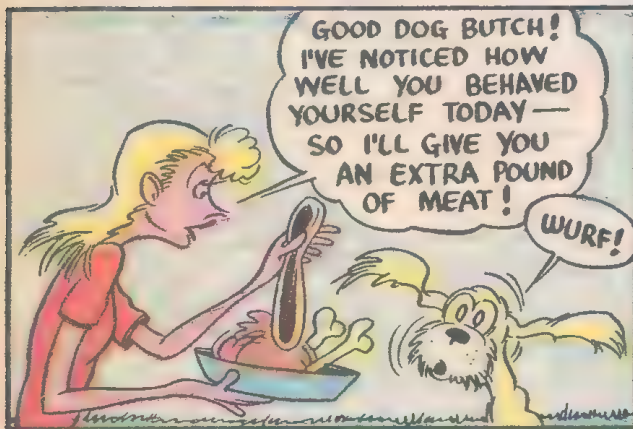
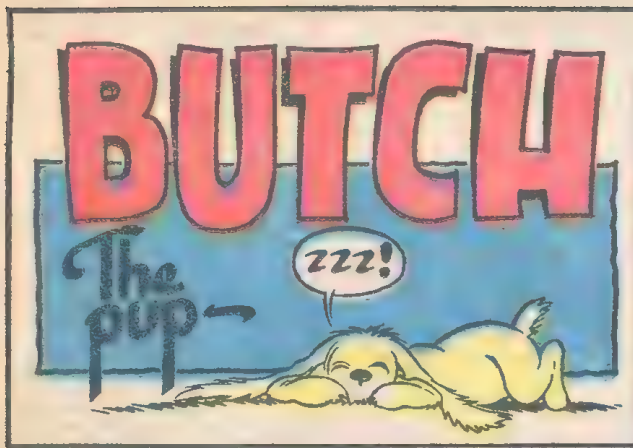
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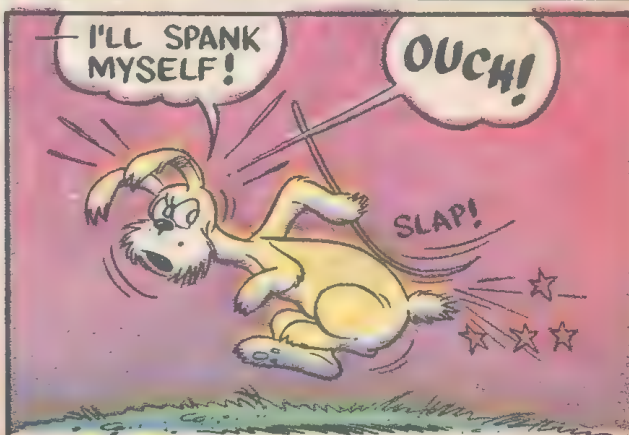
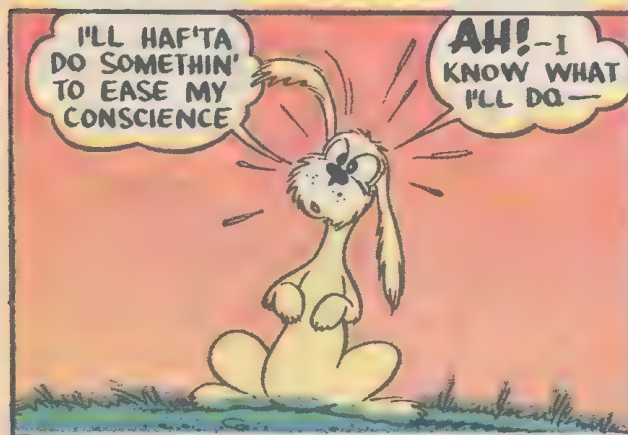
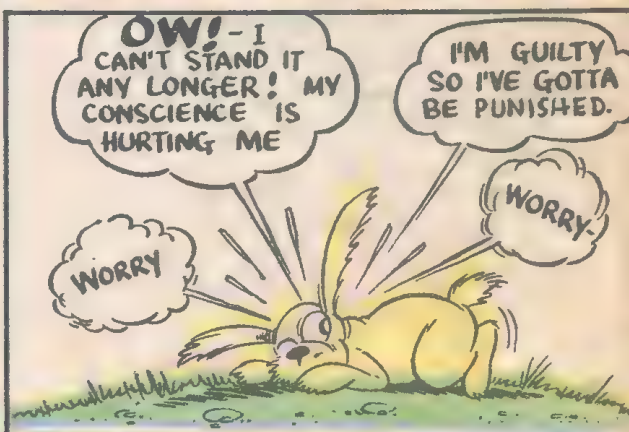
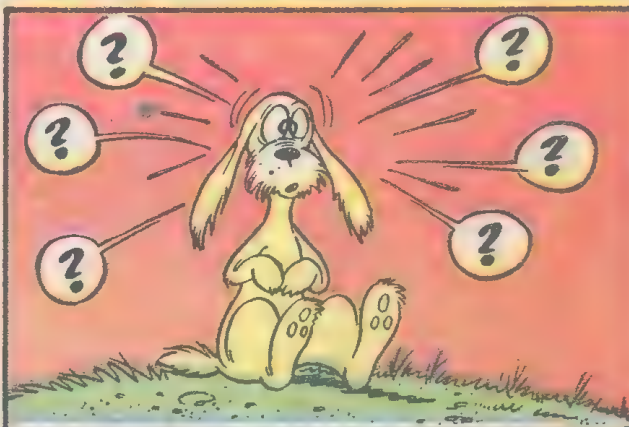
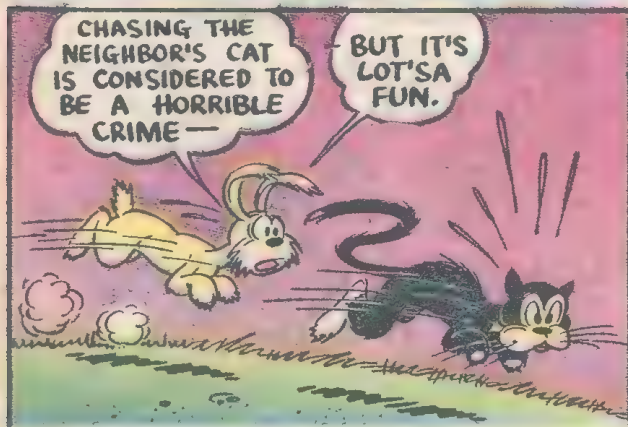
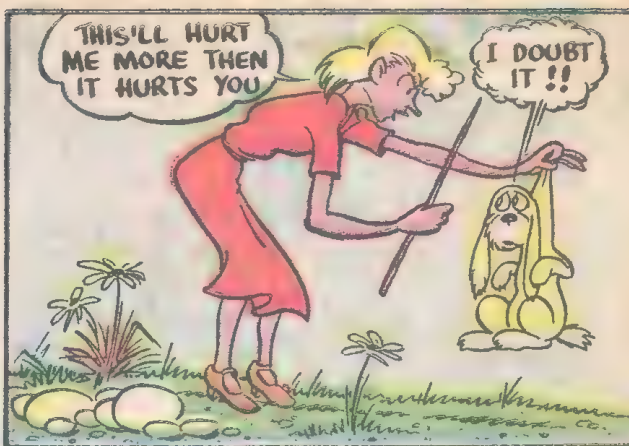
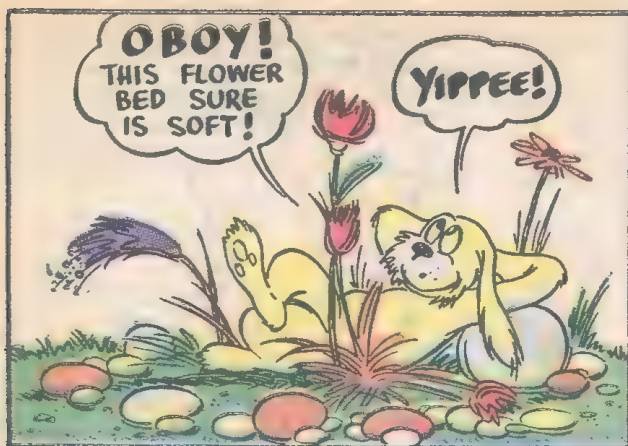
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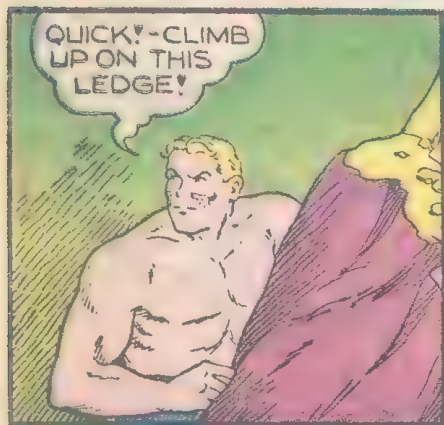
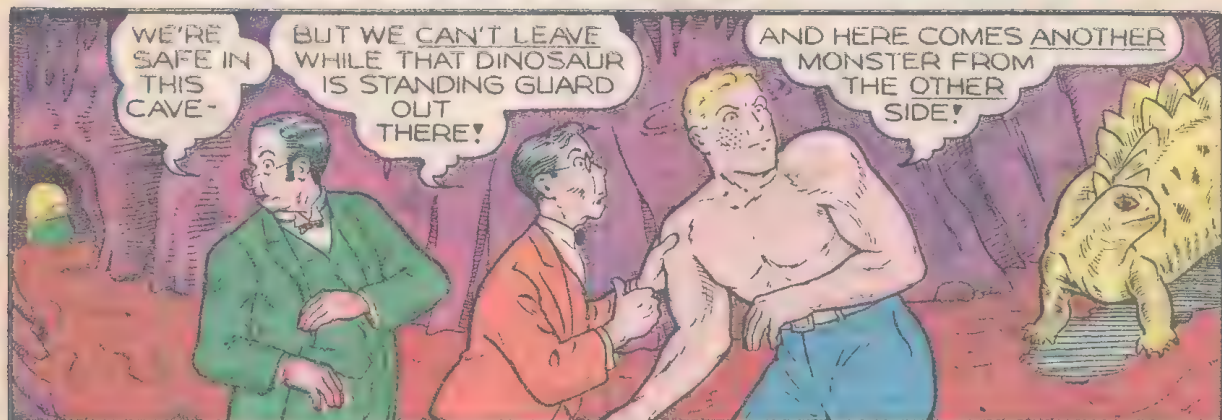
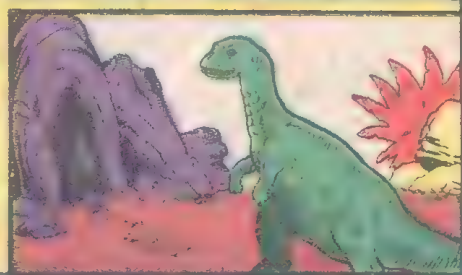




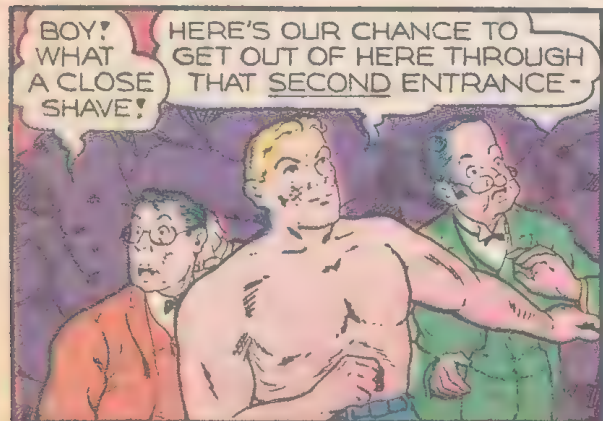
# SOCKO STRONG

BY KOPPY

SUCKO, JERRY AND PROFESSOR STARWIN ARE CHASED INTO A CAVE BY A PRE-HISTORIC DINOSAUR-



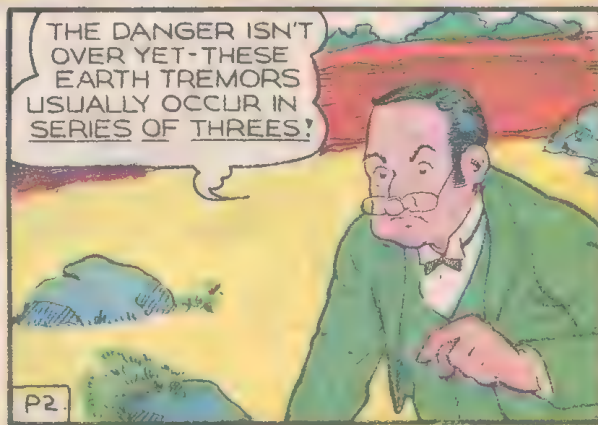
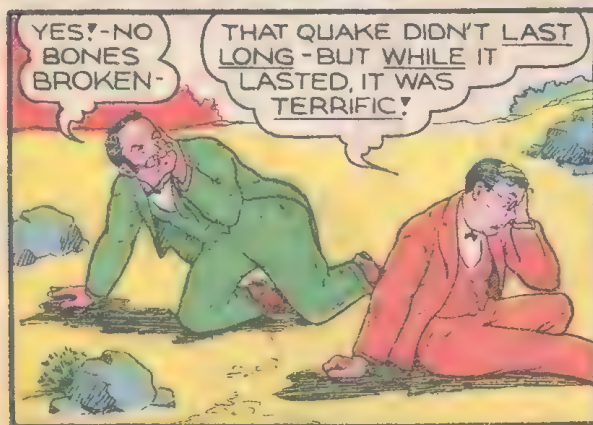
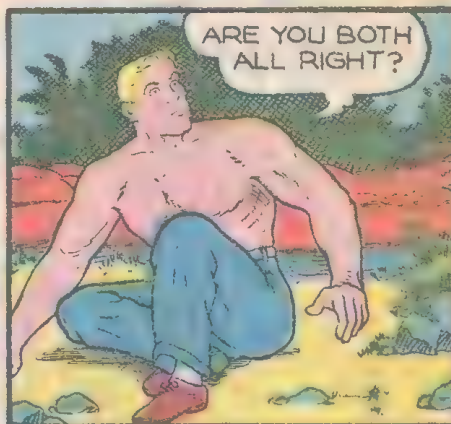
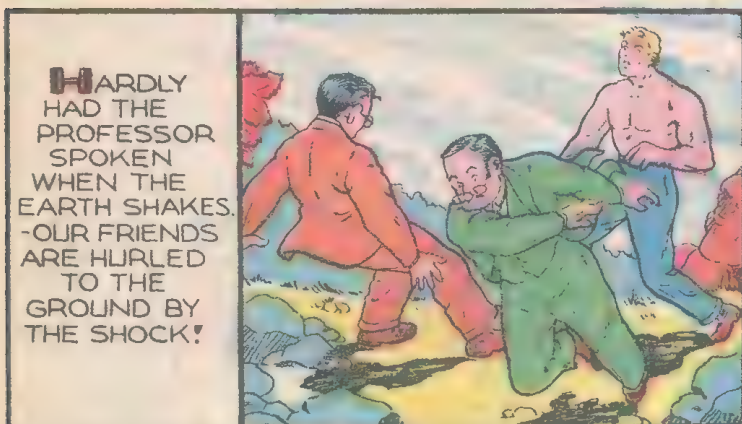
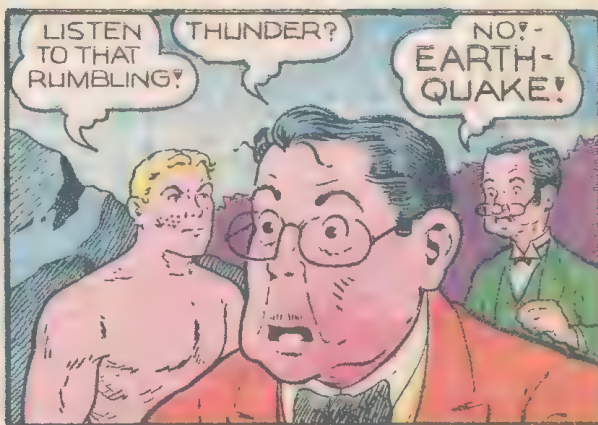
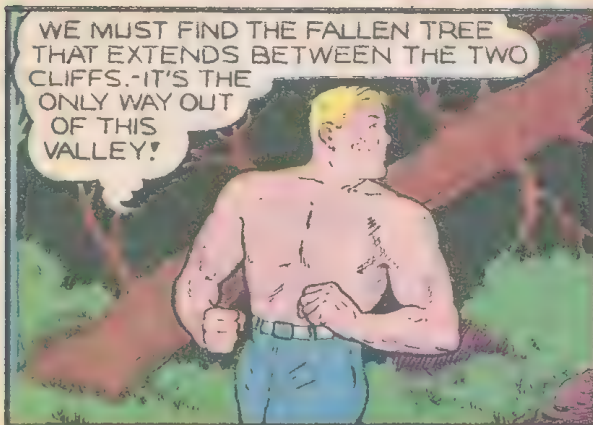
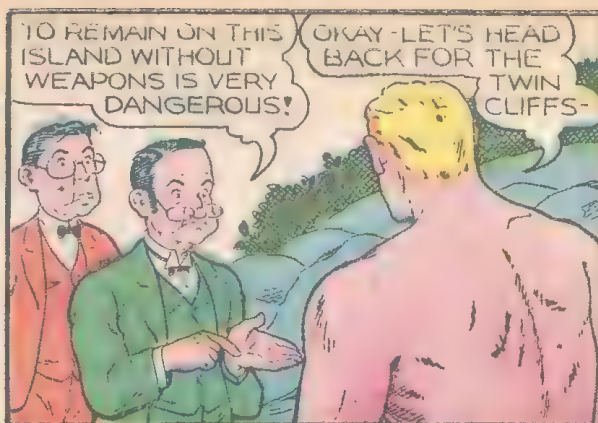
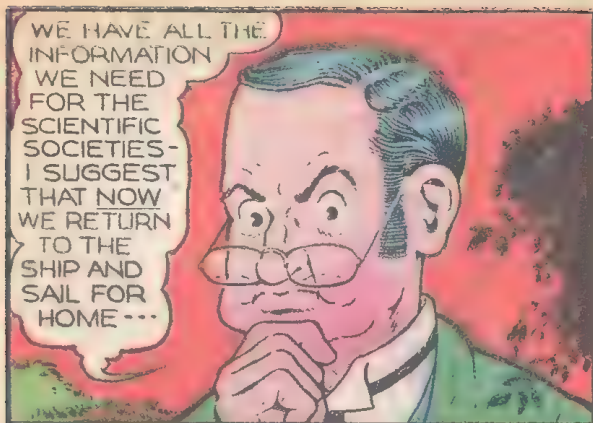
-HARDLY HAD OUR FRIENDS REACHED THE SAFETY OF THE LEDGE WHEN THE MAN-EATING STEGOSAUR RUSHES BY-



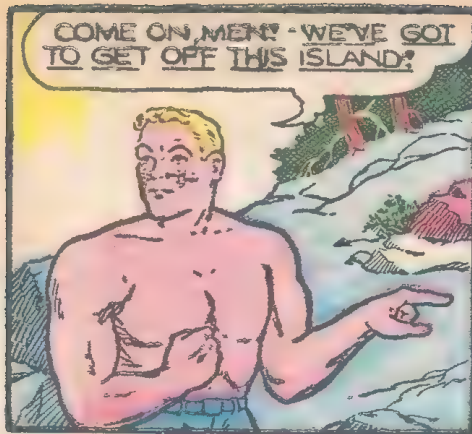
THE THREE ADVENTURERS EMERGE FROM THE CAVE AND MAKE THEIR WAY UP THE VALLEY-



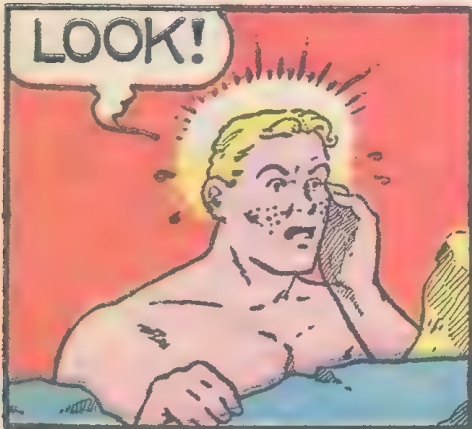
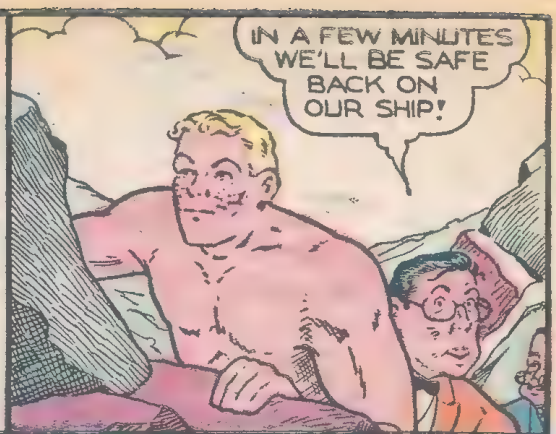




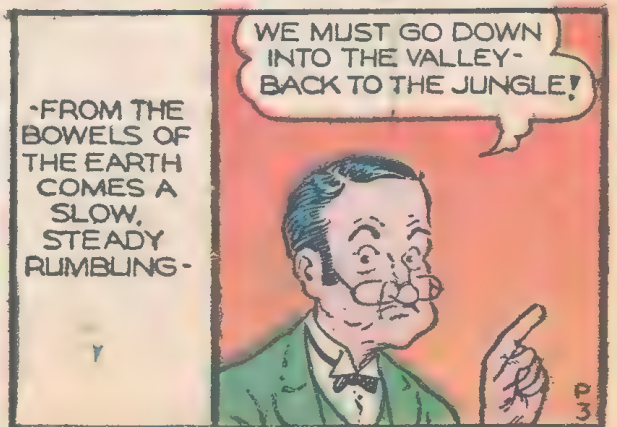
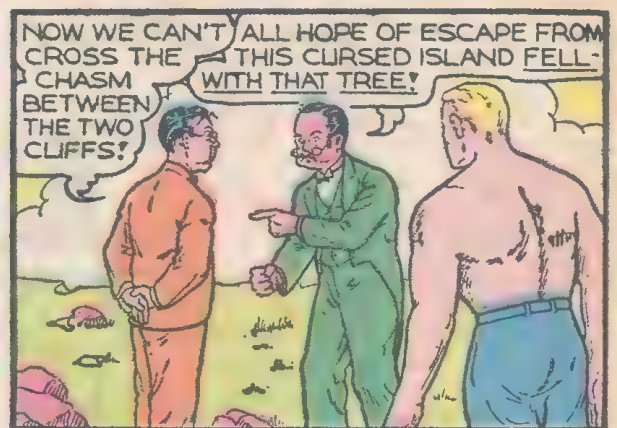
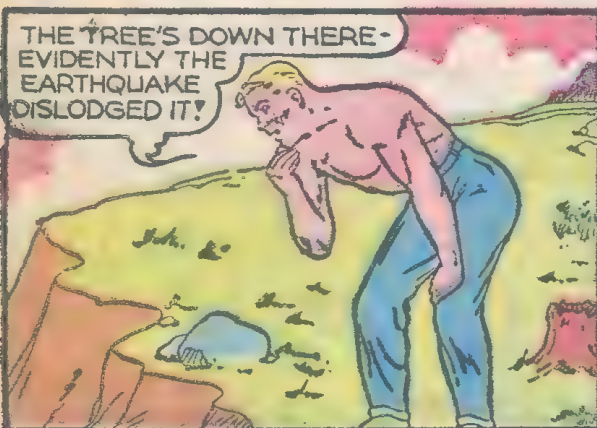
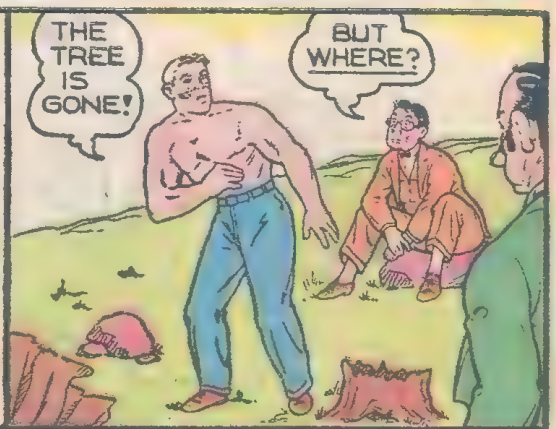




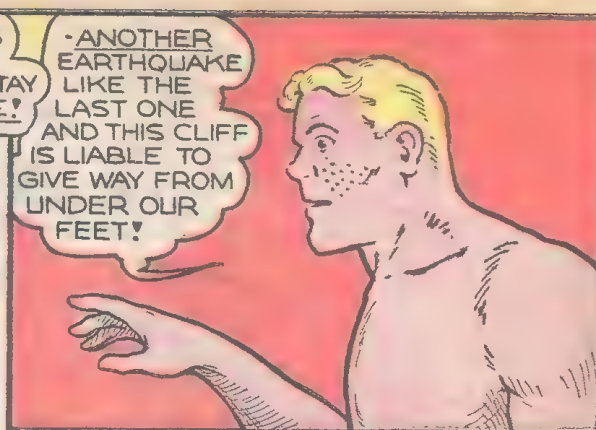
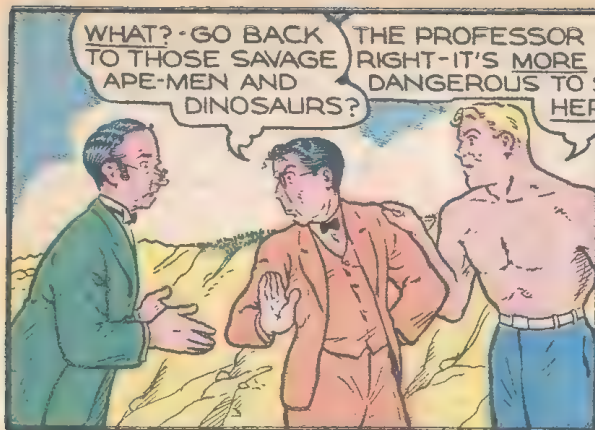
OUR FRIENDS CLIMB WITH ALL HASTE TOWARDS THE TOP OF THE CLIFF -



WITH SINKING HEART, SOCKO POINTS TO THE SPOT WHERE THE FALLEN TREE HAD RESTED -





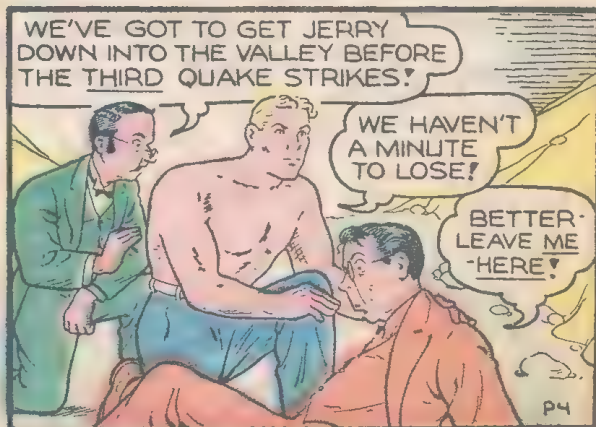
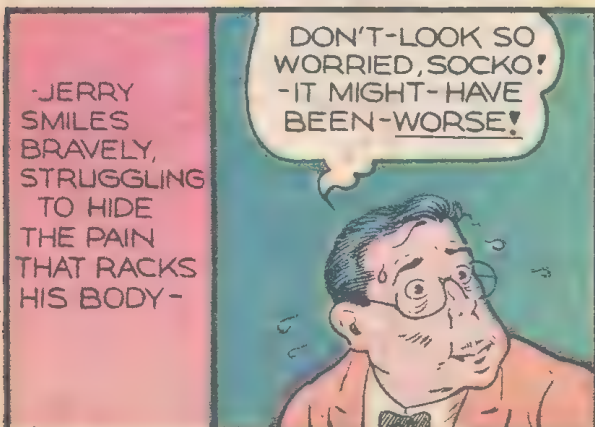
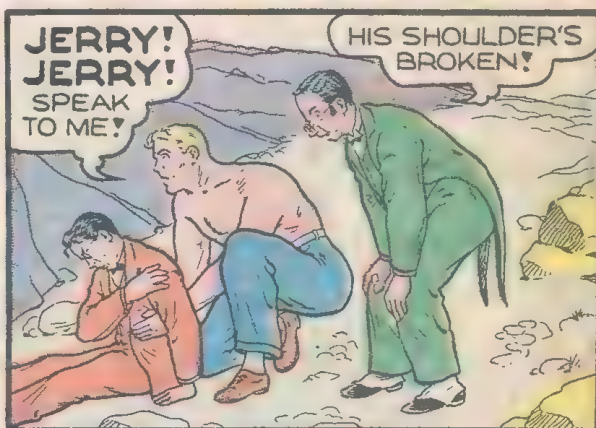


AS THEY START TO DESCEND THE CLIFF, A SECOND SHOCK COMES-MORE SEVERE THAN THE FIRST-**HUGE CRACKS** APPEAR IN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF.

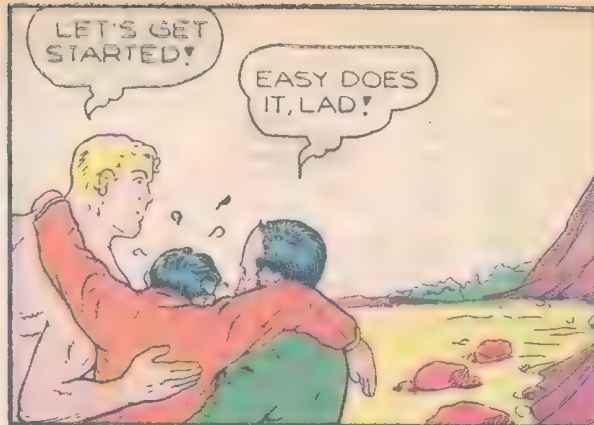
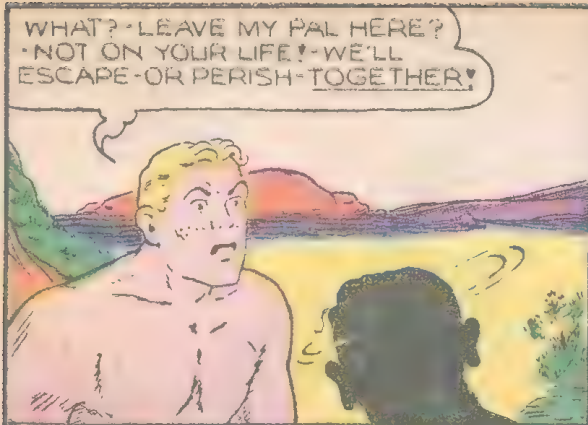
THEN COMES THE HORRIBLE DANGER SOCKO HAD FORESEEN--



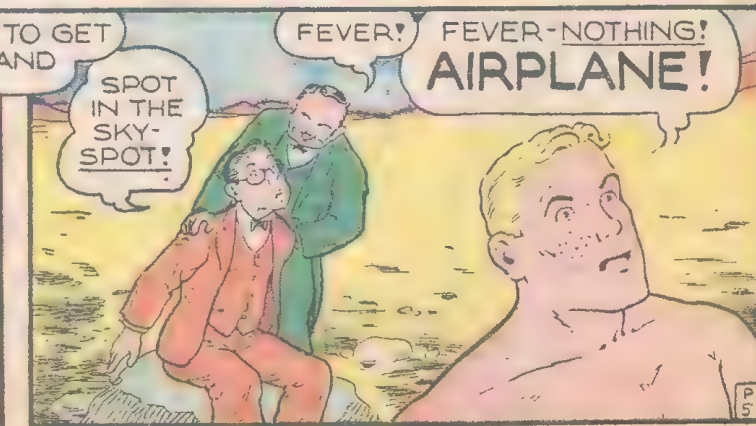
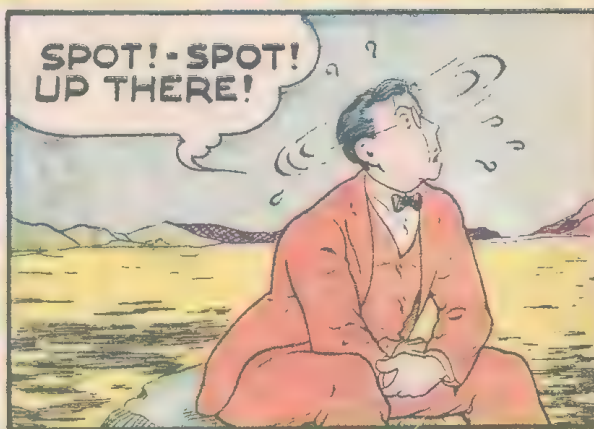
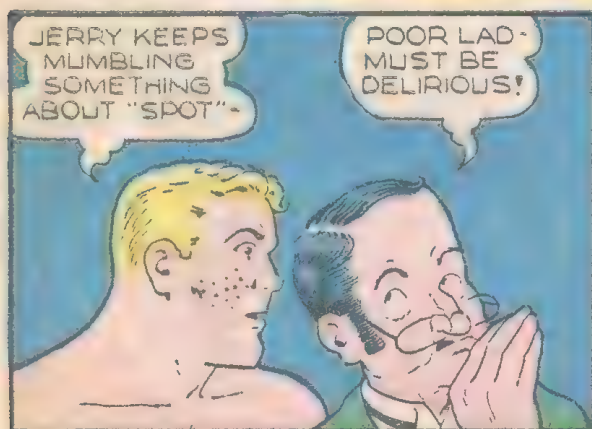
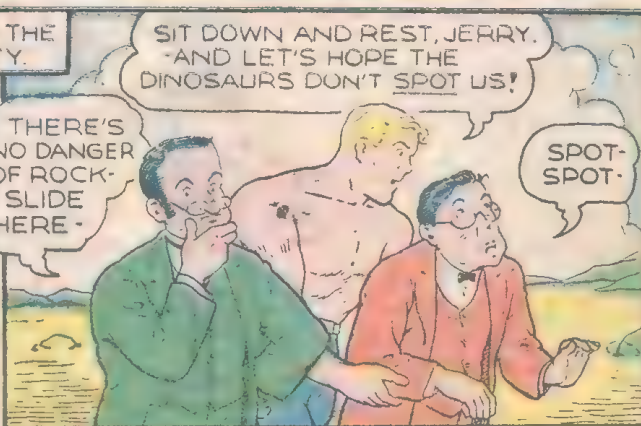
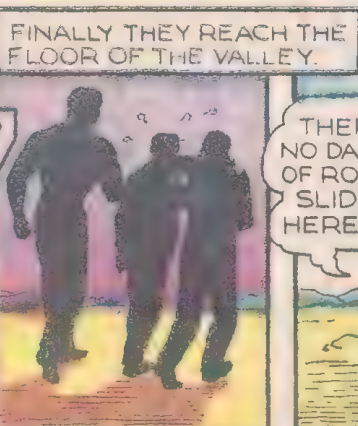
A LARGE BOULDER, DISLODGED FROM THE TOP OF THE CLIFF, STRIKES JERRY A GLANCING BLOW ON THE SHOULDER!







- SLOWLY,  
PAINFULLY,  
THEY MAKE THEIR  
WAY DOWN INTO  
THE FLAT-BOTTOMED  
VALLEY - EXPECTING  
EVERY SECOND TO  
HEAR THE  
RUMBLING  
THAT PRECEDES  
EARTHQUAKE  
AND POSSIBLE  
DEATH!



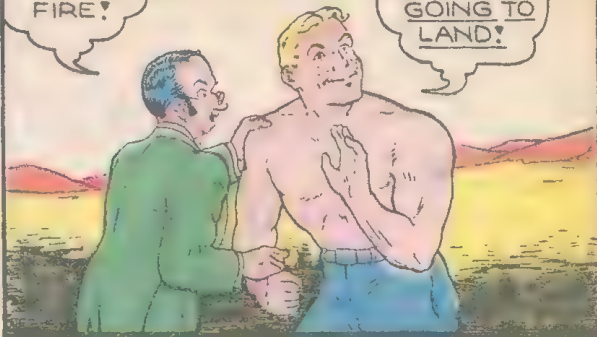


-EVEN AS SOCKO SPEAKS, THE SPOT COMES CLOSER- LOOMS LARGER. -IT IS AN AIRPLANE!



QUICK!-LET'S BUILD A SIGNAL FIRE!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY!-THE PLANE IS GOING TO LAND!



THE PLANE CIRCLES GRACEFULLY AND FINALLY SLANTS DOWNWARD FOR A PERFECT LANDING ON THE PLAIN A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY....

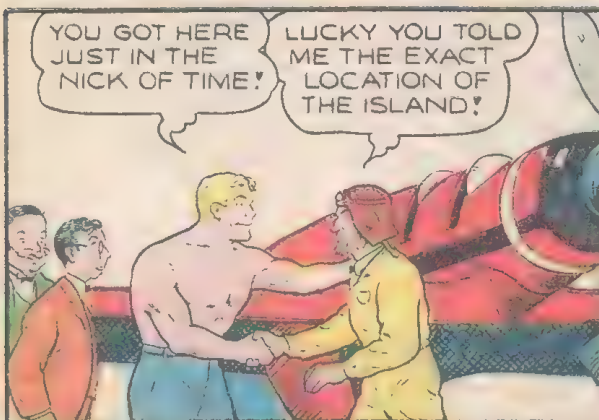


IT'S SEDBURN- THE AVIATOR WE RESCUED FROM THE JUNGLE LAST MONTH!



YOU GOT HERE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

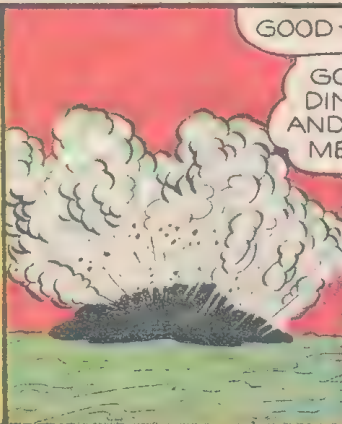
LUCKY YOU TOLD ME THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE ISLAND!



JERRY IS CAREFULLY LIFTED INTO THE CABIN AND THE PLANE TAXIES DOWN THE VALLEY FOR A PERFECT TAKE-OFF.



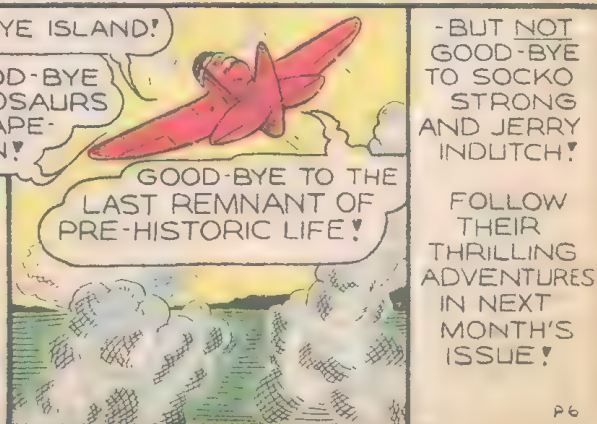
-AS THE AIRSHIP GAINS ALTITUDE, THE ISLAND IS SHAKEN BY THE THIRD AND FINAL EARTH-QUAKE... -IT SEEMS TO RISE IN THE AIR- THEN SLOWLY SETTLES BACK AND SINKS INTO THE OCEAN...



GOOD-BYE ISLAND!

GOOD-BYE DINOSAURS AND APE-MEN!

GOOD-BYE TO THE LAST REMNANT OF PRE-HISTORIC LIFE!



-BUT NOT GOOD-BYE TO SOCKO STRONG AND JERRY INDUTCH!

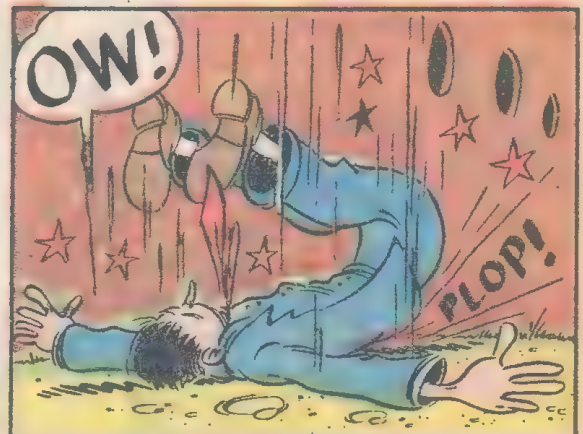
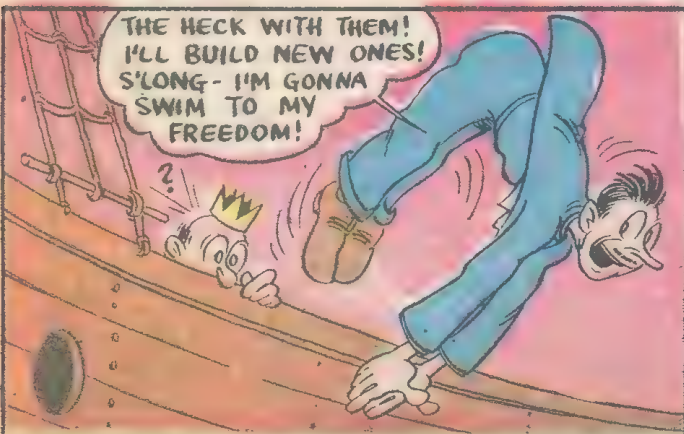
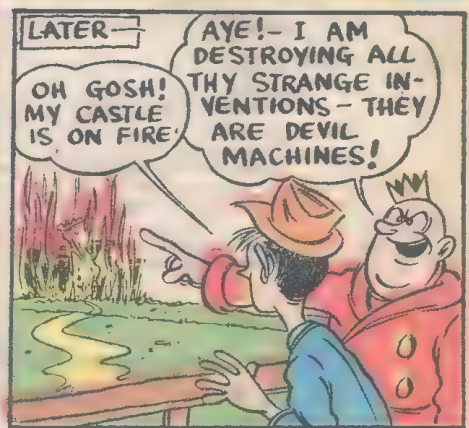
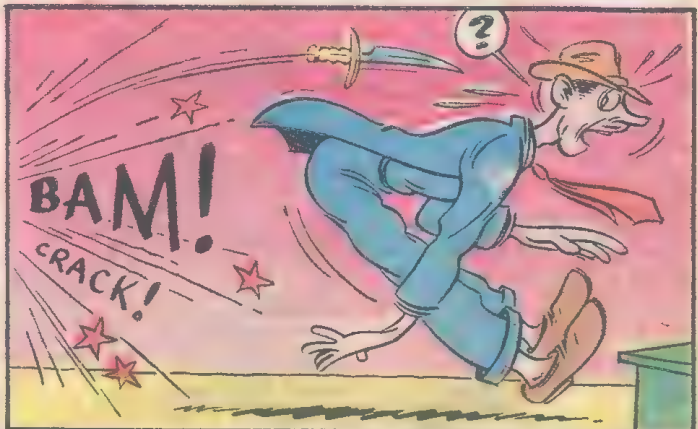
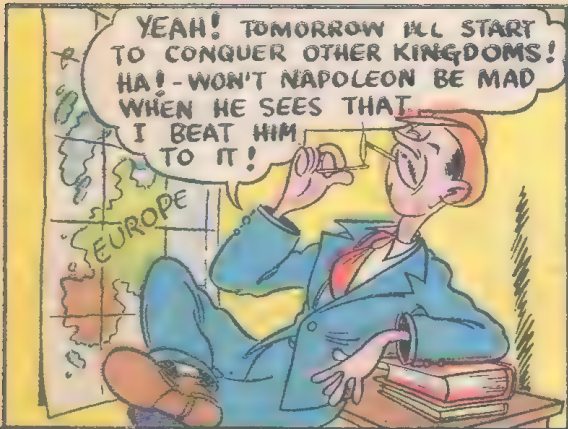
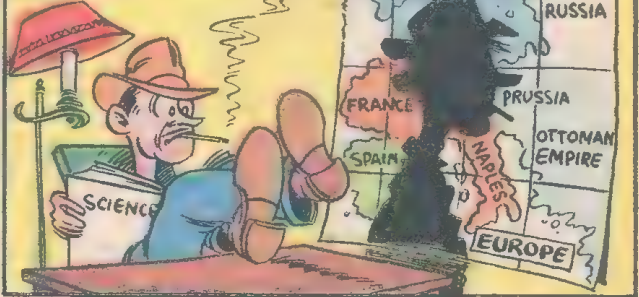
FOLLOW THEIR THRILLING ADVENTURES IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!



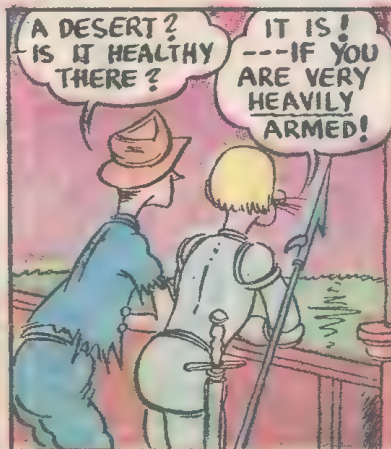
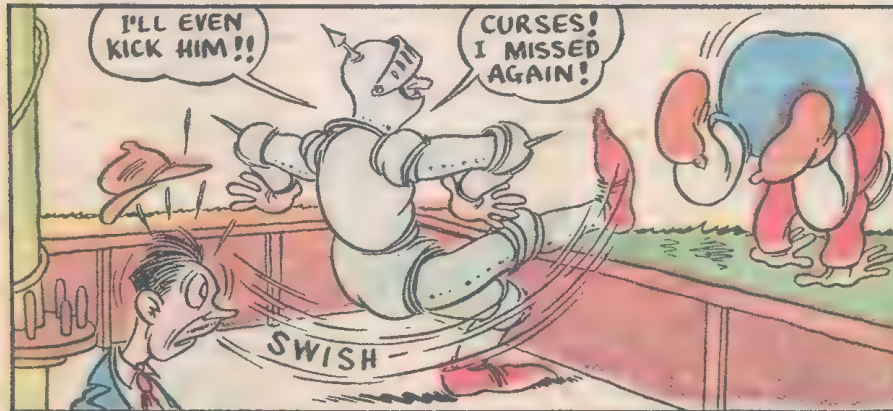
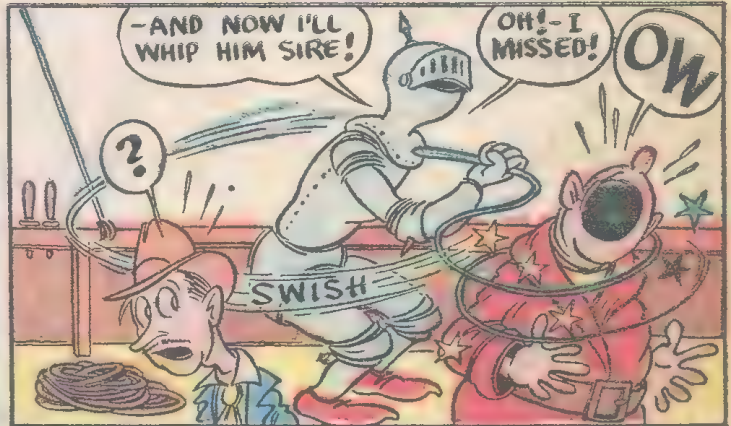
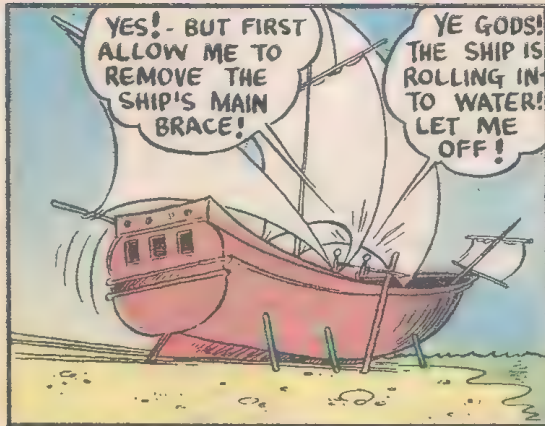
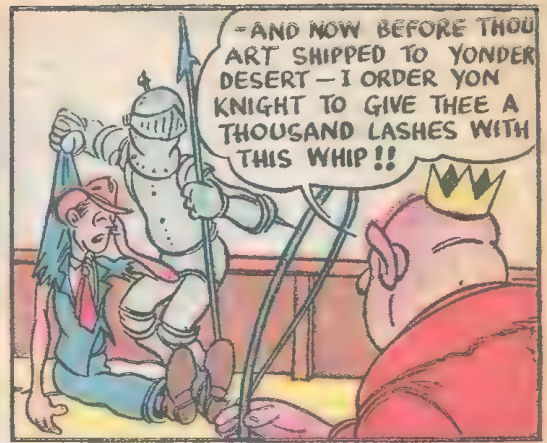
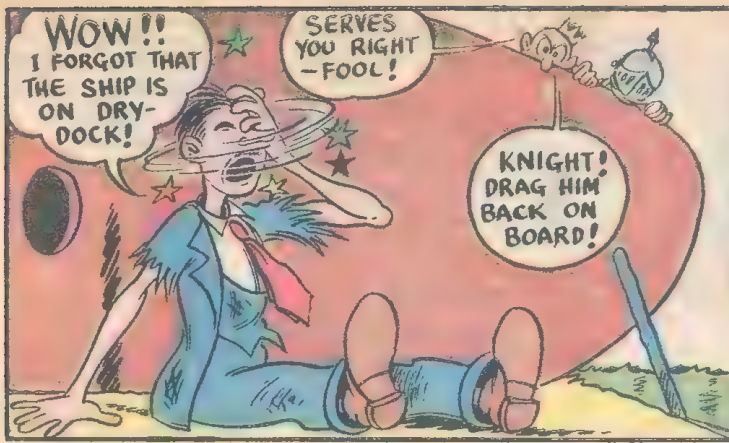
# Don Coyote

OF THE 16TH CENTURY

DON'S FRIEND (FROM THE 20TH CENTURY) HAS TRIED TO MODERNIZE THE ANCIENT BRITISH ISLES - AND TO CONQUER EUROPE.



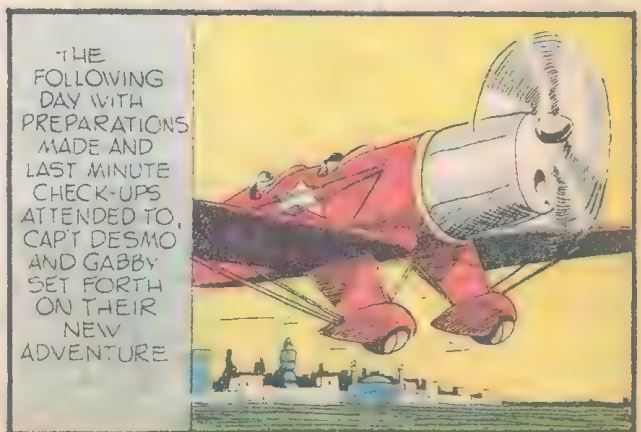
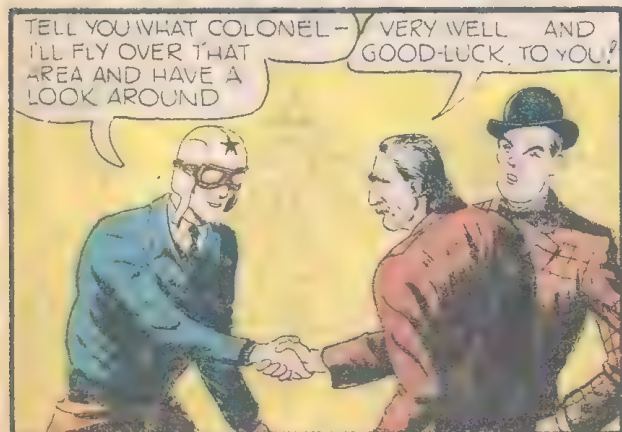
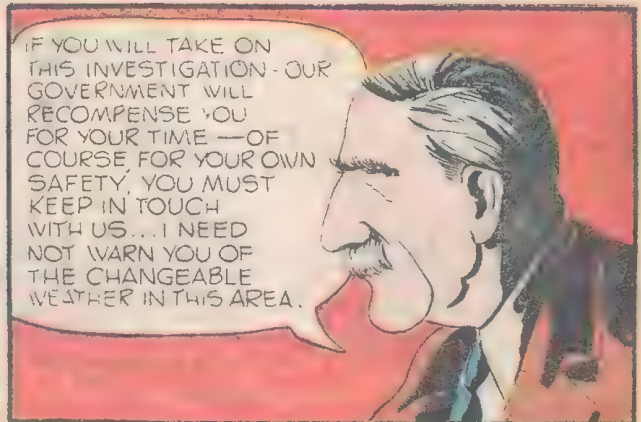
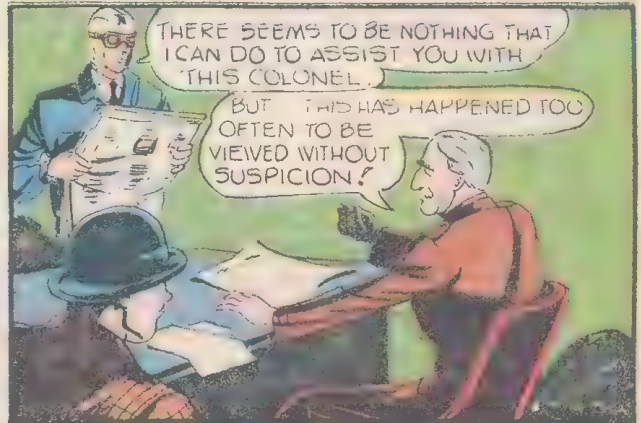
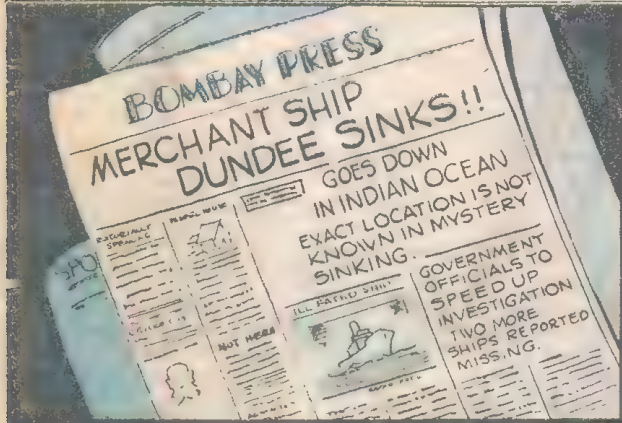




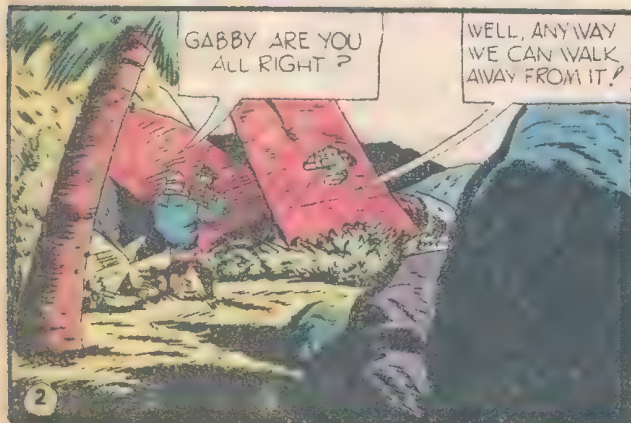
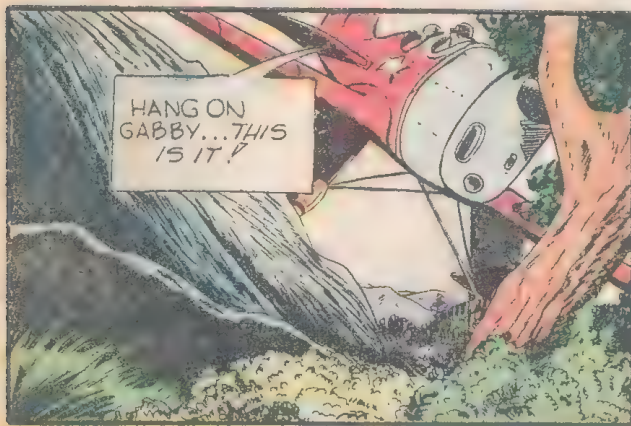
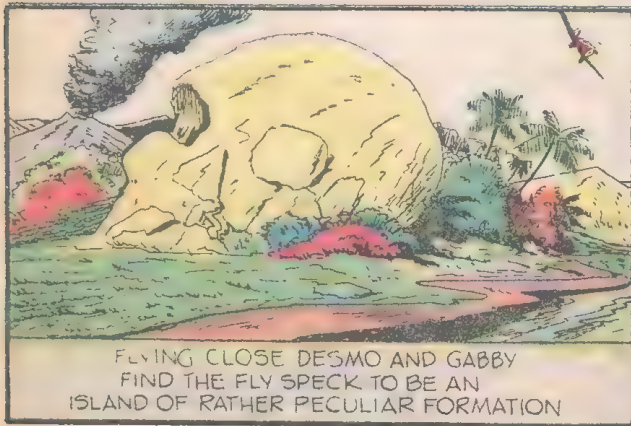
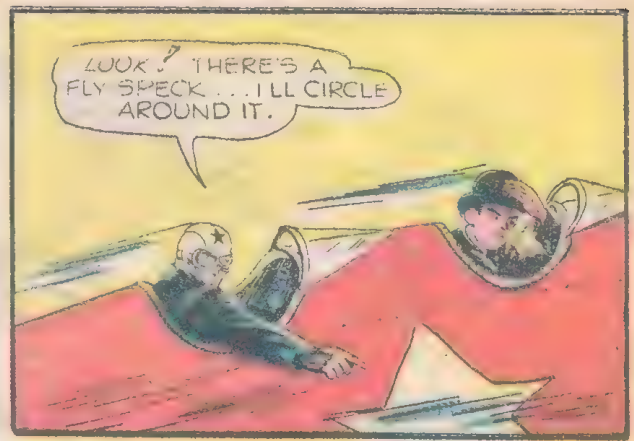


# Captain DESMO

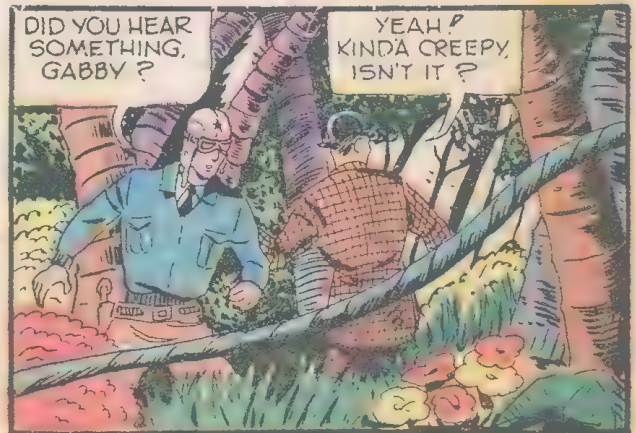
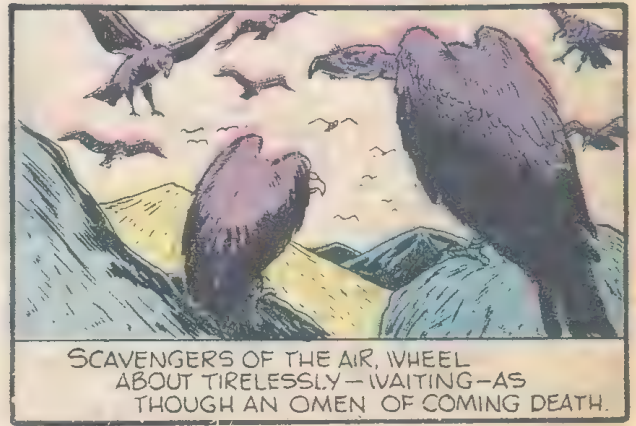
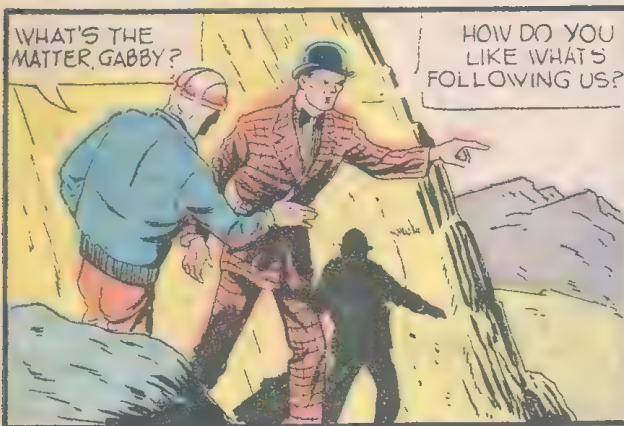
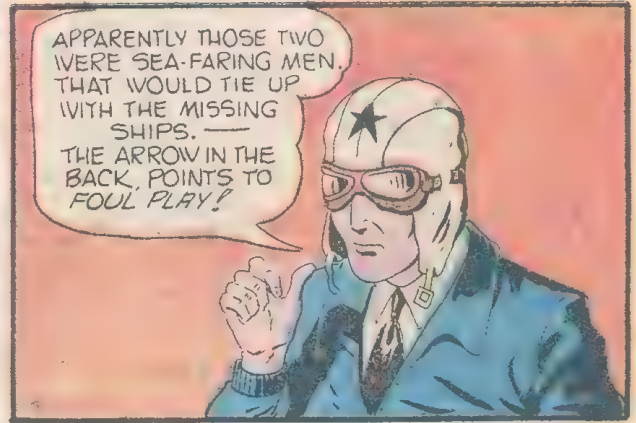
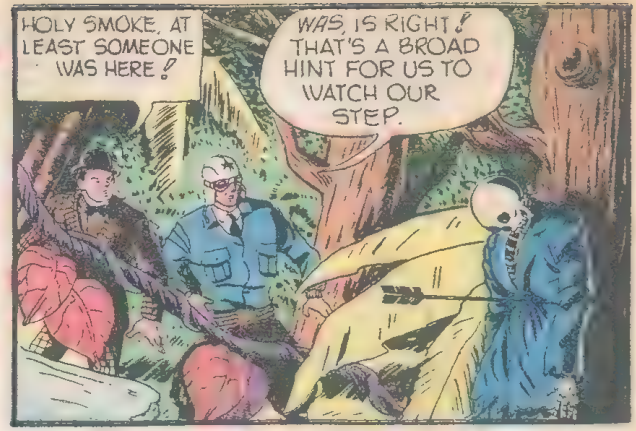
by Win



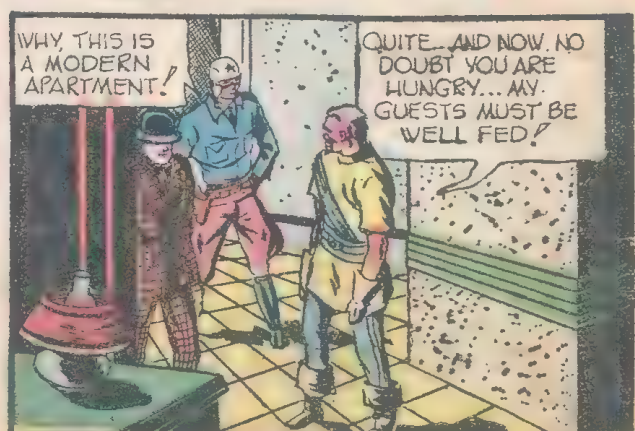
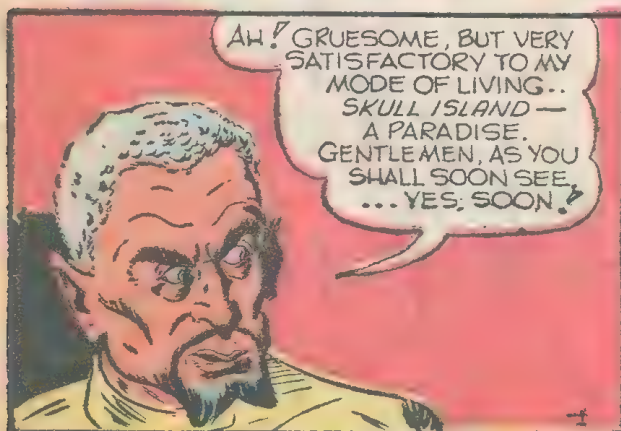
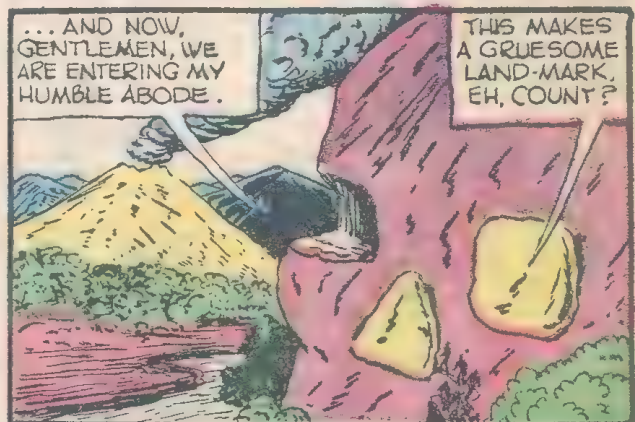
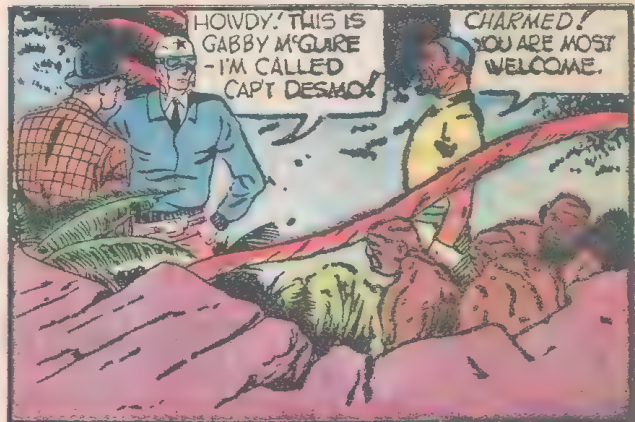
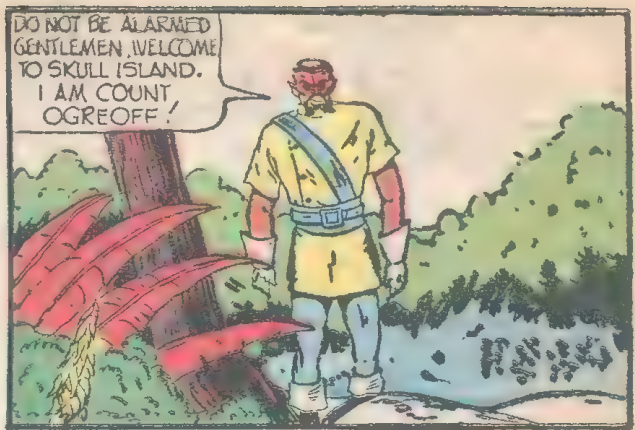




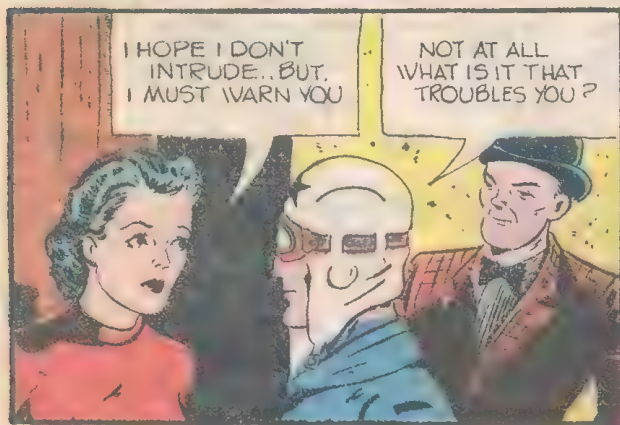
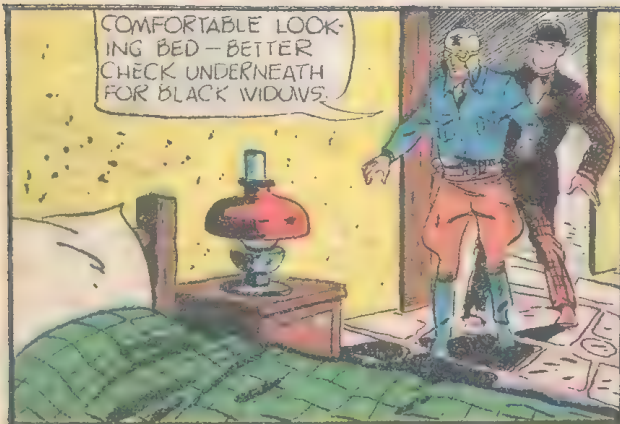
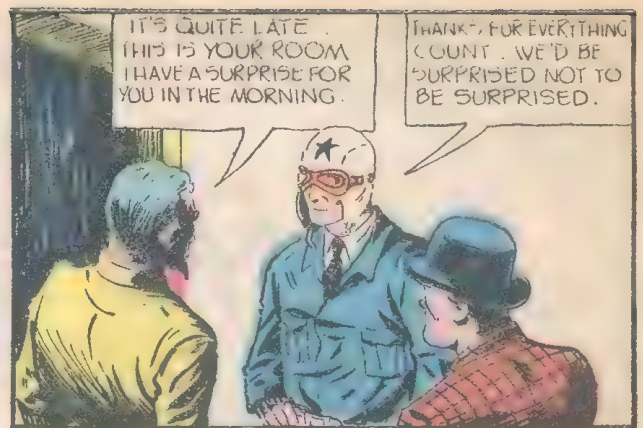
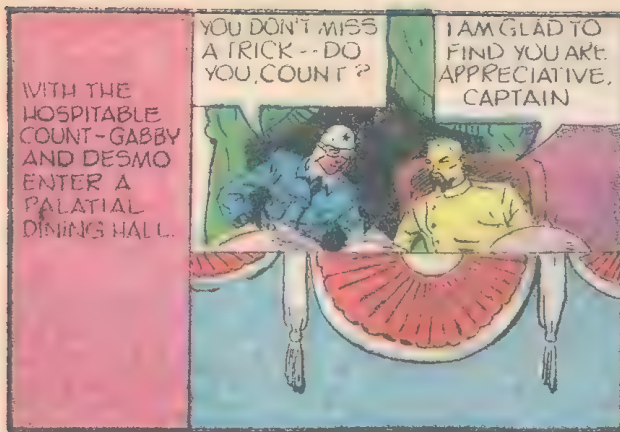




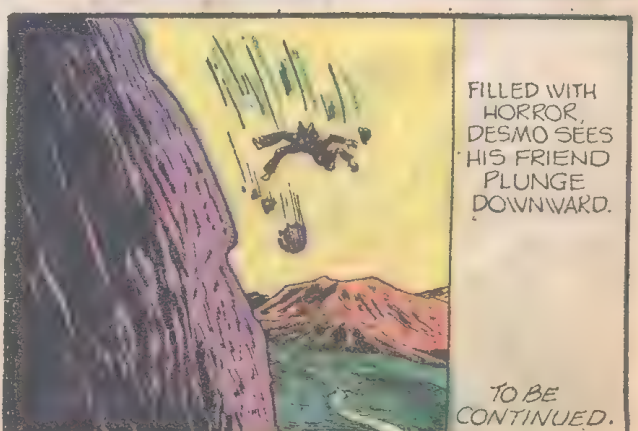
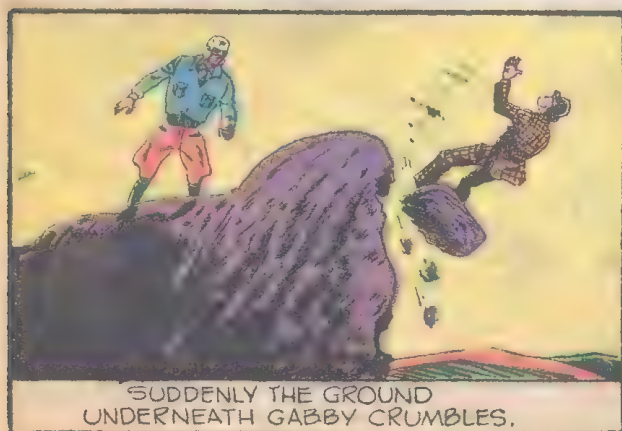
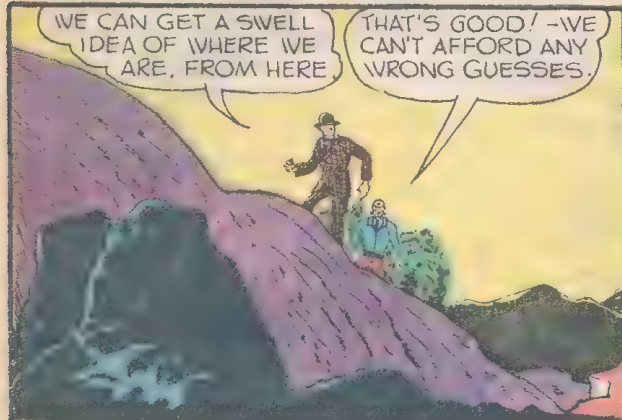
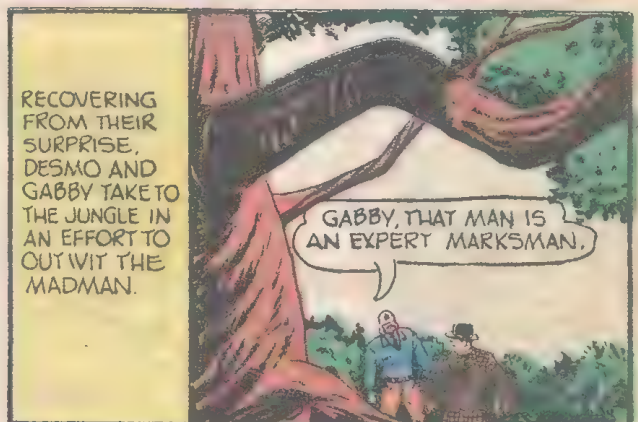
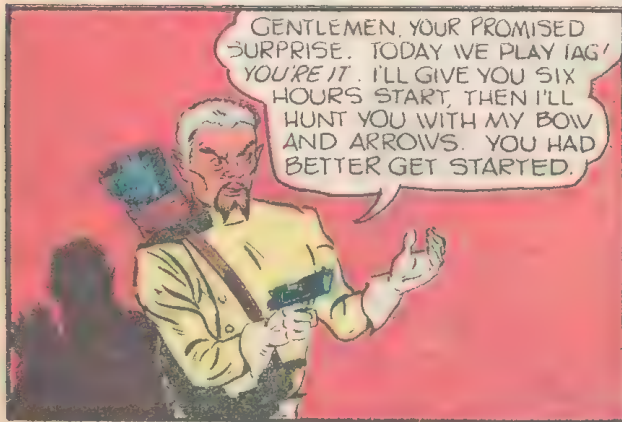
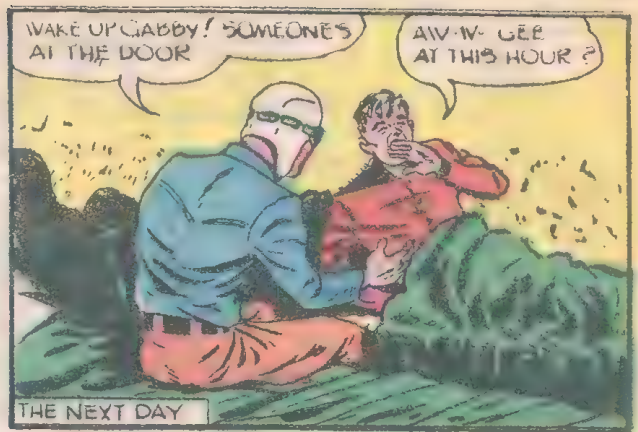












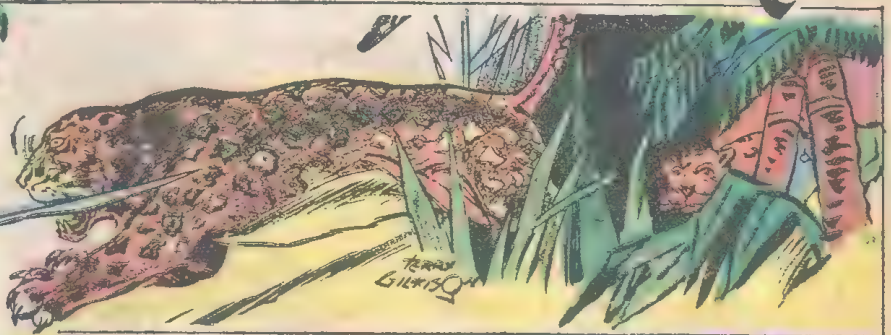


# ADVENTURE Events



## ARMED ONLY WITH SPEAR "TIGER MAN" HAS SLAIN 134 TREACHEROUS JAGUARS

ALEJANDRO SIEMEL, ARMED ONLY WITH A SPEAR, KILLED HIS FIRST GIANT TIGER IN 1918. SINCE THEN HE HAS SPEARED 134 OF THESE CATTLE-KILLING JAGUARS IN BRAZIL.

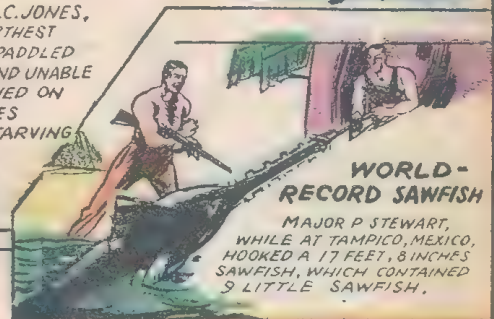
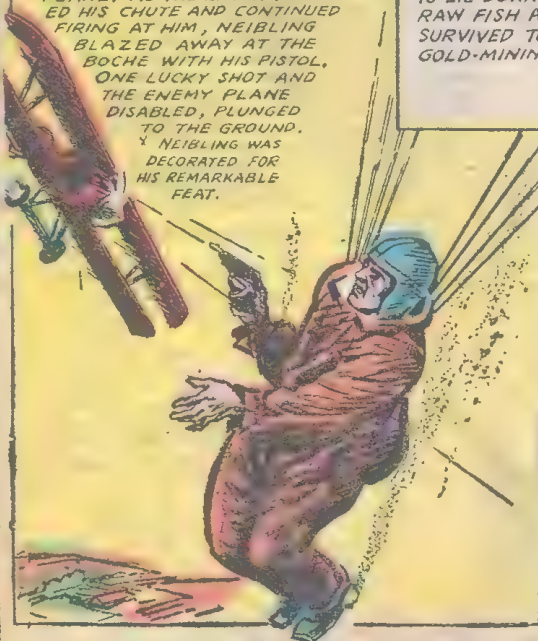


## PADDLES 1500 MILES ACROSS PACIFIC IN AN ESKIMO KAYAK!

A 1500 MILE VOYAGE WAS MADE BY K.C. JONES, WHO HAD BEEN STRANDED IN THE FARTHEST ALEUTIAN ISLAND, IN 1907. JONES PADDLED THE SMALL BOAT, WHILE ROPED IN AND UNABLE TO LIE DOWN FOR 90 DAYS. HE LIVED ON RAW FISH AND RAIN WATER. JONES SURVIVED TO BRING AID TO HIS STARVING GOLD-MINING PARTNERS.

## SHOT DOWN PLANE WITH PISTOL!

LIEUT. PAUL NEIBLING, FRENCH BALLOON CORPS, BAILED OUT WHEN ATTACKED BY A GERMAN PLANE. AS THE ENEMY FOLLOWED HIS CHUTE AND CONTINUED FIRING AT HIM, NEIBLING BLAZED AWAY AT THE BOCHÉ WITH HIS PISTOL. ONE LUCKY SHOT AND THE ENEMY PLANE DISABLED, PLUNGED TO THE GROUND. NEIBLING WAS DECORATED FOR HIS REMARKABLE FEAT.



## WORLD- RECORD SAWFISH

MAJOR P STEWART, WHILE AT TAMPICO, MEXICO, HOOKED A 17 FEET, 8 INCHES SAWFISH, WHICH CONTAINED 9 LITTLE SAWFISH.



## ENTERED HOSTILE CAMP AND CAPTURED GENERAL

COLONEL JOHN MOSBY, CONFEDERATE CAVALRY LEADER, IN ONE OF THE MOST AUDACIOUS NIGHT RAIDS DURING THE CIVIL WAR SLIPPED INTO A UNION CAMP AND CARRIED AWAY GENERAL STOUGHTON, WHO WAS SURROUNDED BY HIS STAFF AND HUNDREDS OF UNION MEN. DISGUISED AS A UNION SOLDIER MOSBY ENTERED THE CAMP THROUGH A GAP IN THE FEDERAL LINES. WAKING THE GENERAL FROM A SOUND SLEEP, YOUNG MOSBY HAD HIM PLACED ON HORSEBACK AND WAS ACROSS THE LINES BEFORE THE STAFF AND GUARD REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



FROM

THE

4

CORNERS

**THEODORE ROOSEVELT**

-WHILE BOXING  
WITH A FRIEND AT  
THE WHITE HOUSE  
RECEIVED AN  
INJURY THAT  
CAUSED  
BLINDNESS  
IN ONE  
EYE  
//



A COMMON HOUSE-FLY  
WIGGLES HIS WINGS OVER  
300 TIMES A SECOND.

A  
WORM CAN  
TRAVEL A  
MILE IN  
FOUR DAYS!!

HASTE  
MAKES  
WASTE.



**HARRY  
-MARTIN-**

- STAR BACK OF  
THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,  
MADE A SENSATIONAL  
FORTY-SEVEN YARD  
GAIN RUNNING WITH  
THE BALL — BUT  
DID NOT MAKE  
A FIRST DOWN.  
(AGAINST DAVIDSON,  
OCTOBER 5, 1935)

-SHELDON  
MOLDOTT



# ANCHORS AWEIGH!

by BART TUNEY

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER DON KERRY AND HIS PAL RED MURPHY ARE DETAINED TO INVESTIGATE THE ACTIVITIES OF DR. PHINEUS MERKEL. THIS RENEGADE DOCTOR HAS BECOME KNOWN AS THE DEVIL'S PHYSICIAN, SINCE BECOMING HEAD OF A CULT OF DEVIL-WORSHIPERS ON THE ISLE OF BAYTI.

THROUGH SOME SHADY PRACTICES, DOCTOR MERKEL LOST HIS LICENSE TO PRACTICE MEDICINE... IT MUST HAVE UNBALANCED HIS MIND.

HE MUST BE NUTS TO JOIN UP WITH A CULT OF DEVIL-WORSHIPERS.



IT'S OUR BUSINESS TO FIND OUT IF IT'S TRUE HE IS INCITING THE NATIVES TO REBELLION HERE.

**UNDERTOW PEARL FISHERIES**



THE BOYS INTRODUCE THEMSELVES TO HAMBY UNDERTOW, ONE OF THE FEW WHITES ON THE ISLAND.

MERKEL? HE'S A DEVIL! THAT'S WHAT HE IS! EVERY WEEK HE FORCES ME TO GIVE UP MY BEST PEARLS!



THERE MUST BE METHOD TO HIS MADNESS.

I'LL SAY THERE IS! HE HOLDS THE THREAT OF A BLACK UP-RISIN' OVER OUR HEADS AN' GIT'S JEST WHAT HE WANTS.



HE HAS A LOT OF INFLUENCE WITH THE NATIVES?

HAS HE! THEY'VE MADE HIM THE HEAD WITCH DOCTOR OF THE WHOLE ISLAND. WHEN ONE OF MY NATIVE DIVERS BRINGS UP A PEARL, MERKEL KNOWS IT BEFORE I DO!

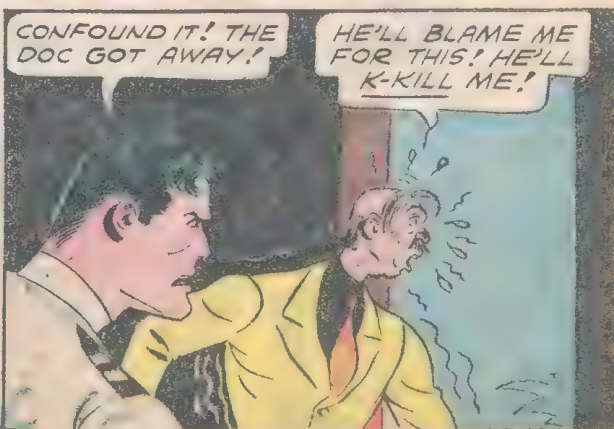
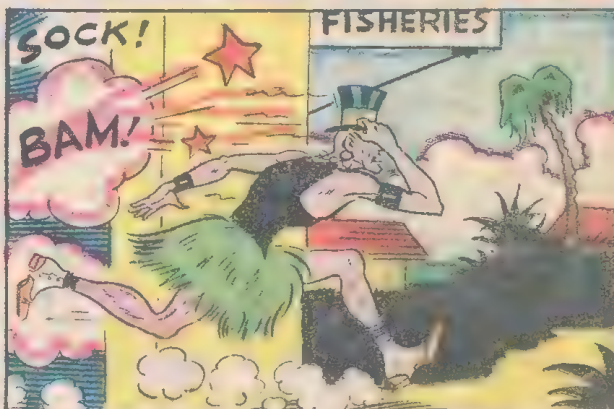
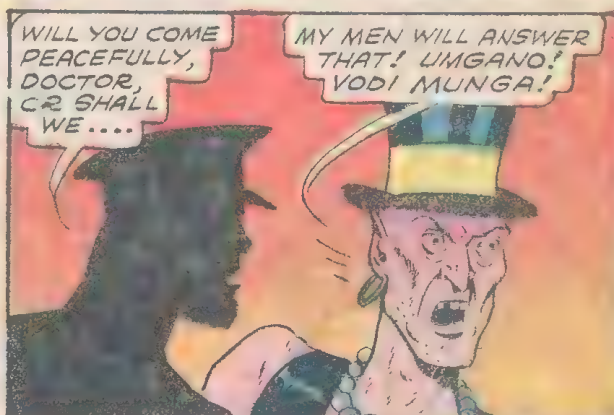
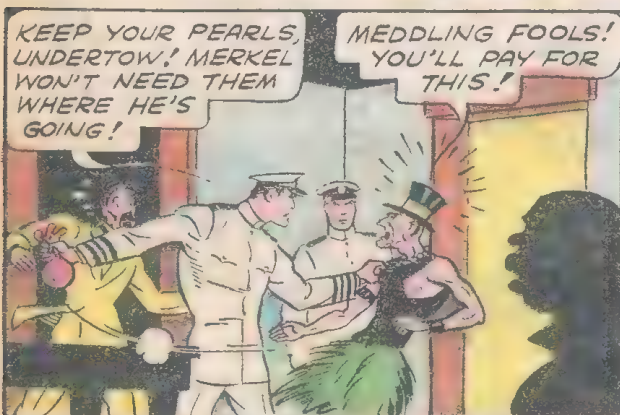
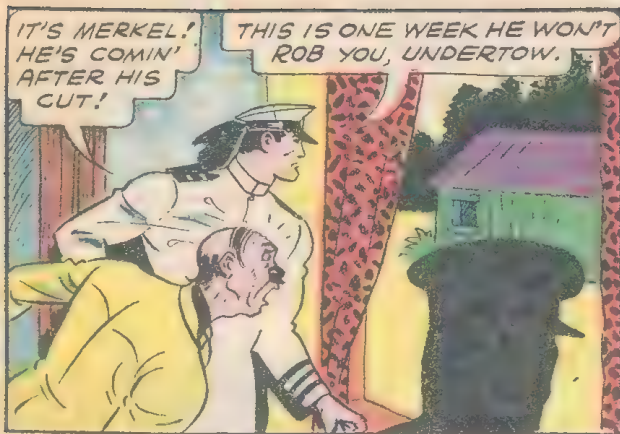


SAY! YOU AIN'T GONNA DO NOthin' TO STIR UP TROUBLE ARE YOU? MY LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH A NICKEL IF...

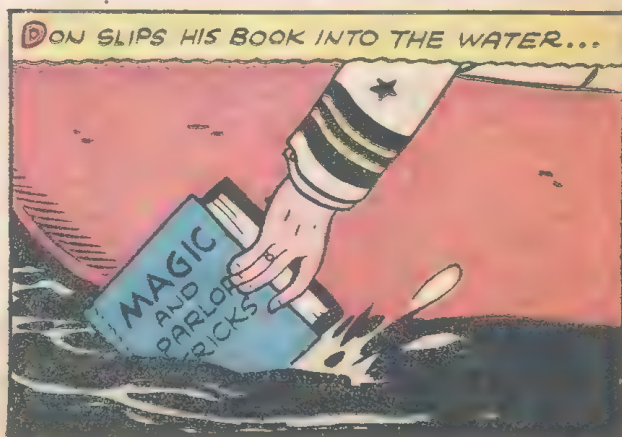
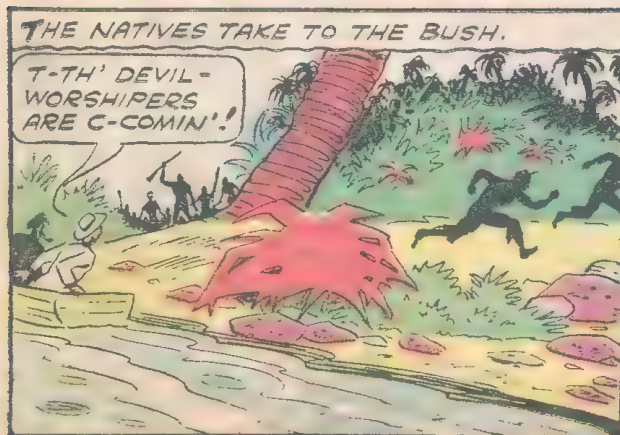
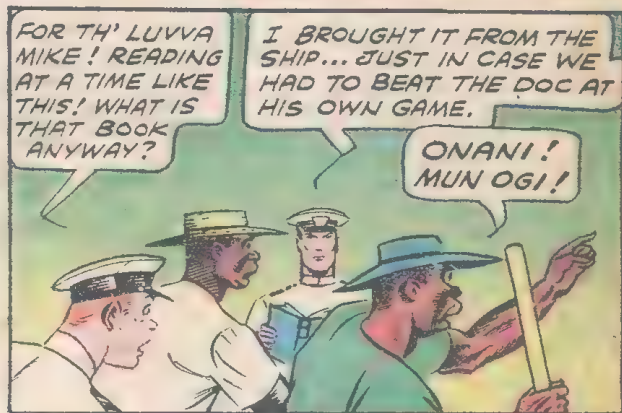
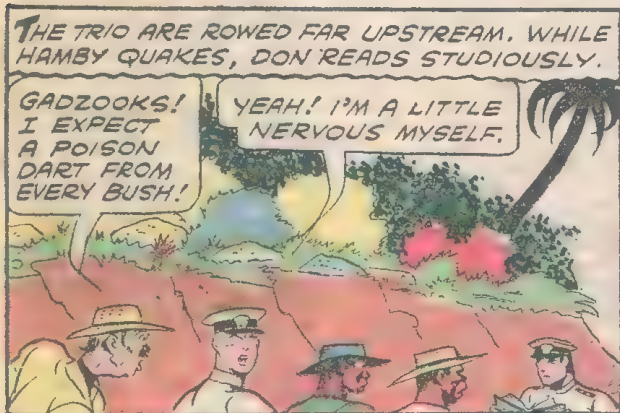
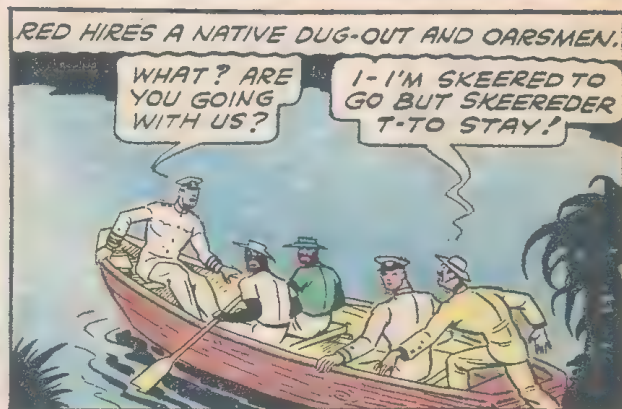
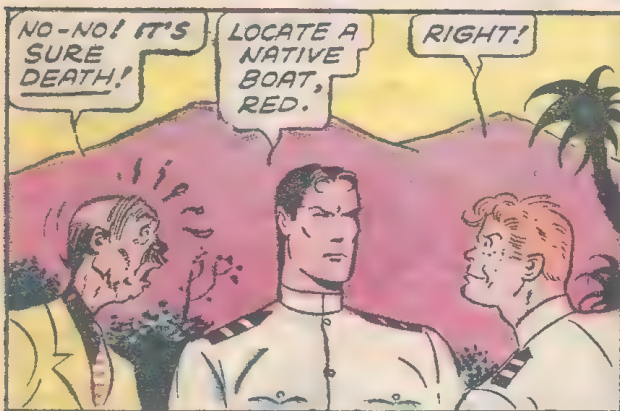
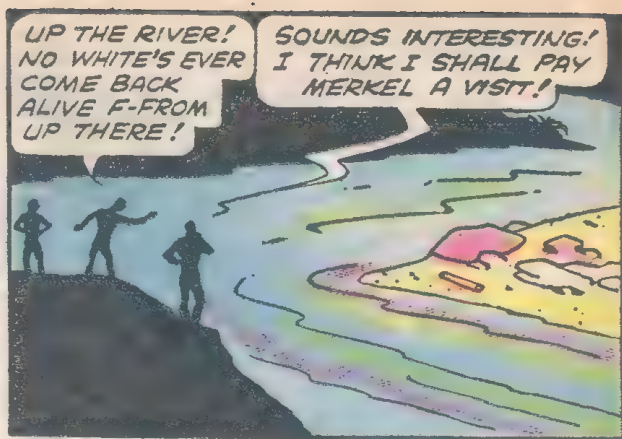
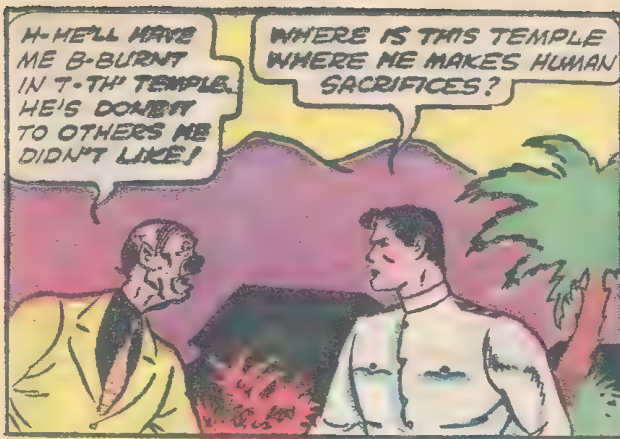
HOLY SMOKE! LOOK HERE DON!









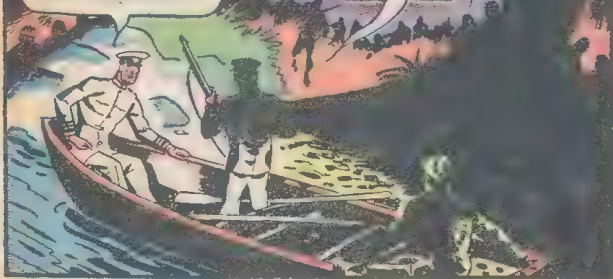




THE BOAT IS SURROUNDED BY THE DEVIL-WORSHIPERS.

DON'T SHOOT, RED.  
LET THEM  
CAPTURE US  
AND TAKE US  
TO MERKEL!

OKAY, DON. I ONLY  
HOPE YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING!



LATER

THE WHITES  
OFFERED NO  
RESISTANCE.  
THEY ARE  
DISARMED,  
MASTER!

IT SEEMS TOO EASY!  
I SUSPECT TRICKERY!  
TAKE EVERYTHING  
FROM THEIR POCKETS,  
THEN BRING THEM TO  
THE TEMPLE!



SOON THE DREAD SACRIFICIAL RITES ARE BEGUN.

BANDAGI UMPERTI  
EUNIENO! OUR  
ENEMIES HAVE  
BEEN DELIVERED  
INTO OUR  
HANDS!



WHEW! THAT STUFF  
HE'S MIXING UP  
CERTAINLY HAS  
AN ODOR!

HE'S COMBINING CHEMICALS  
THAT PRODUCE STEAM AND  
FIRE TO IMPRESS THE  
NATIVES.



SEE! BY HIS MEDICAL  
KNOWLEDGE HE HAS  
TRICKED THE  
NATIVES INTO  
THINKING HE  
HAS OCCULT  
POWERS!

BEHOLD! THE SPIRIT  
OF OGOUN BADAGIS  
COMES TO ME IN FIRE  
AND SMOKE!



THE NATIVES BEGIN THE RITUAL CHANT TO OGOUN  
BADAGIS - THE KING OF EVIL SPIRITS.

OGOUN BADAGIS, OU GÉNÉRAL SANGLAN  
OU SAIZI CLÉ Z'ORAGE, OU SCELL'ORAGE;  
OU FAIS KATAOU Z'ECLAI!



HE WHO LOOSES THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING  
SPEAKS! HE SAYS OUR ENEMIES MUST  
DIE ON THE SACRIFICIAL ALTER!

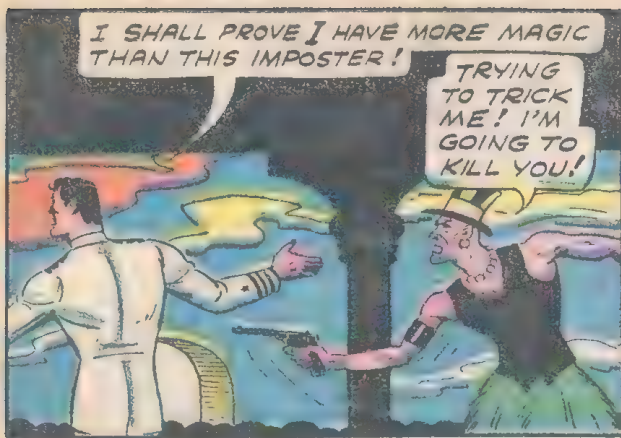


DON LEAPS TO THE RAISED DIAS....

WAIT! WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS, NOT YOUR  
ENEMIES! THIS WHITE MAN IS BAD! HE  
HAS TRICKED YOU! HE IS NOT A  
WITCH DOCTOR AS HE PRETENDS!

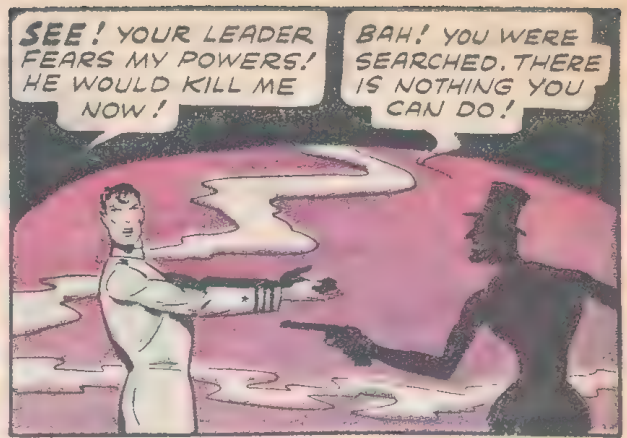






I SHALL PROVE I HAVE MORE MAGIC THAN THIS IMPOSTER!

TRYING TO TRICK ME! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!



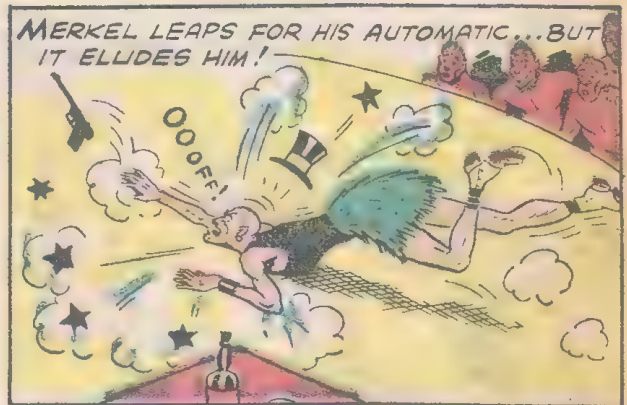
SEE! YOUR LEADER FEARS MY POWERS! HE WOULD KILL ME NOW!

BAH! YOU WERE SEARCHED. THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO!



DON STEPS BACK FROM THE DEVIL'S PHYSICIAN... THEN TURNS SUDDENLY!

WHAT TH'!!



MERKEL LEAPS FOR HIS AUTOMATIC... BUT IT ELUIDES HIM!

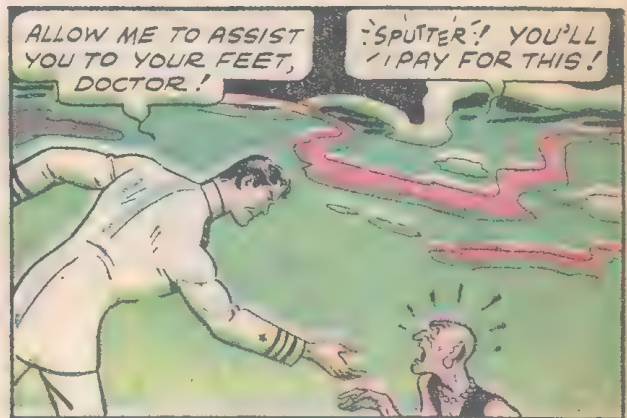
OOF!



VOO DOO!

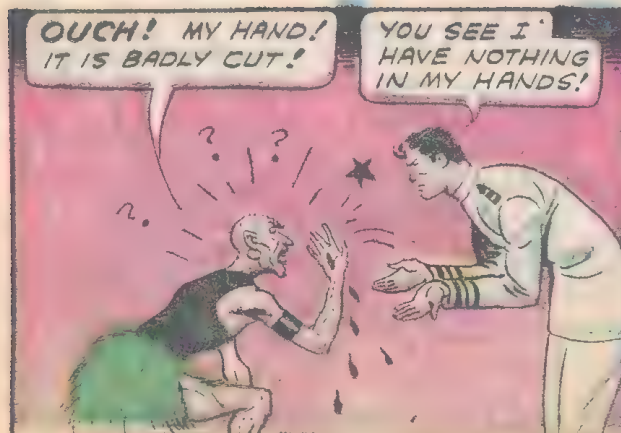
WHITE MAN HAS BLACK MAGIC!

HE MAKES BIG FOOL OF OUR WITCH DOCTOR!



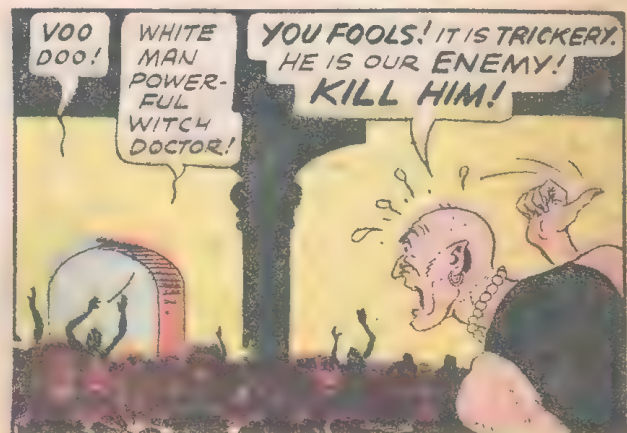
ALLOW ME TO ASSIST YOU TO YOUR FEET, DOCTOR!

SPUTTER! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!



OUCH! MY HAND! IT IS BADLY CUT!

YOU SEE I HAVE NOTHING IN MY HANDS!

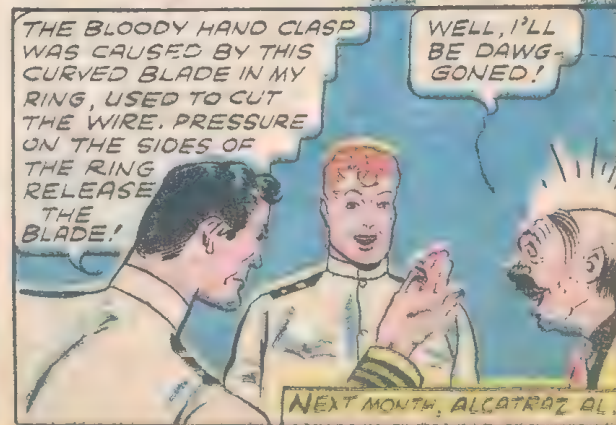
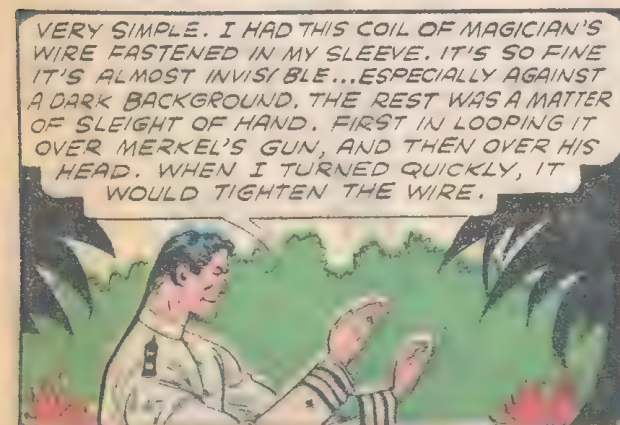
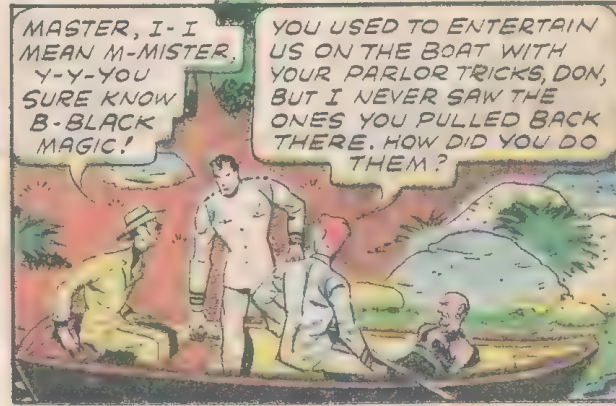
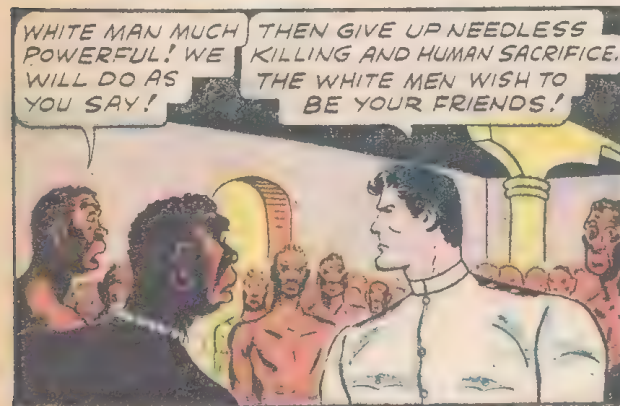
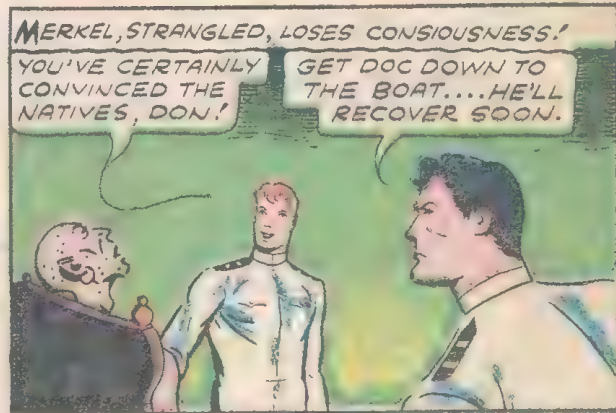
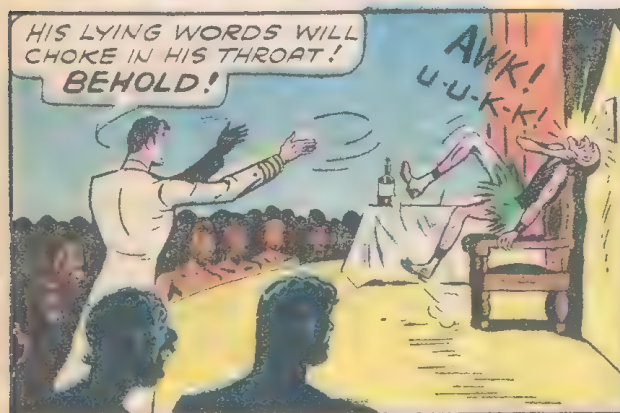


VOO DOO!

WHITE MAN POWERFUL WITCH DOCTOR!

YOU FOOLS! IT IS TRICKERY. HE IS OUR ENEMY! KILL HIM!



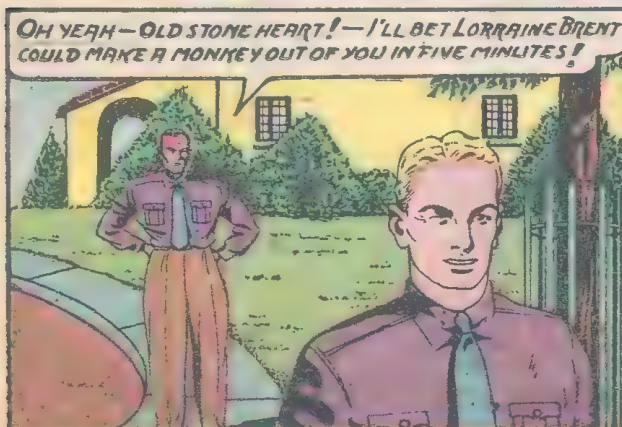
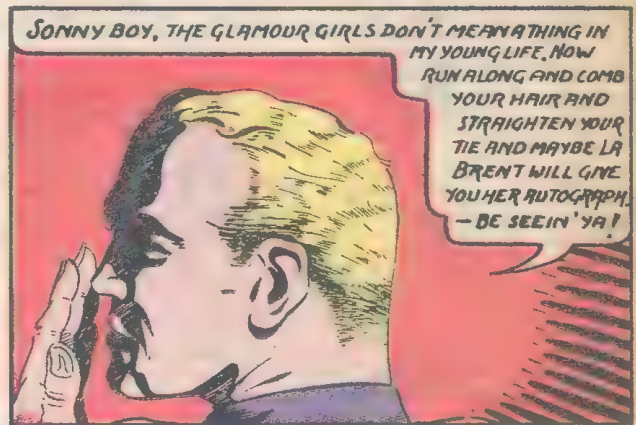
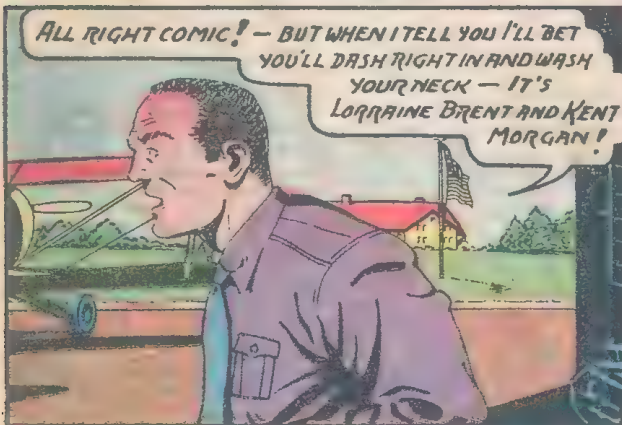
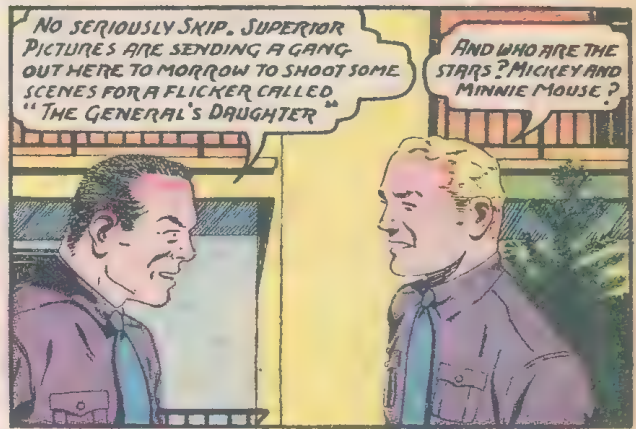
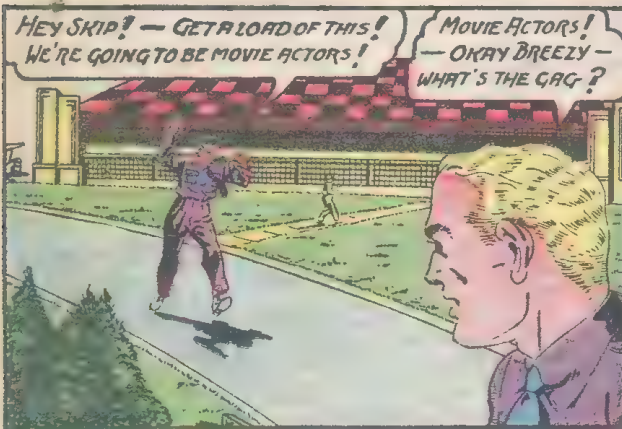




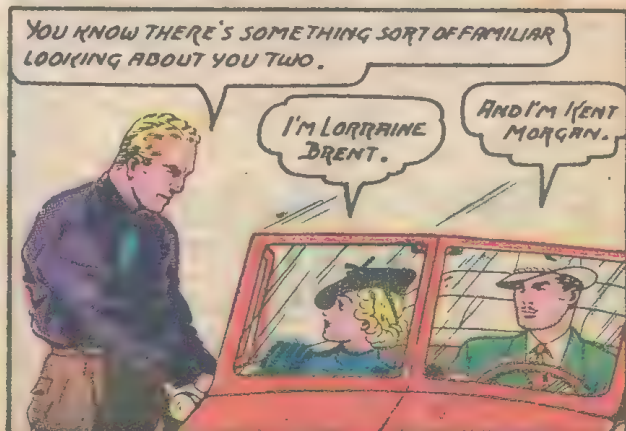
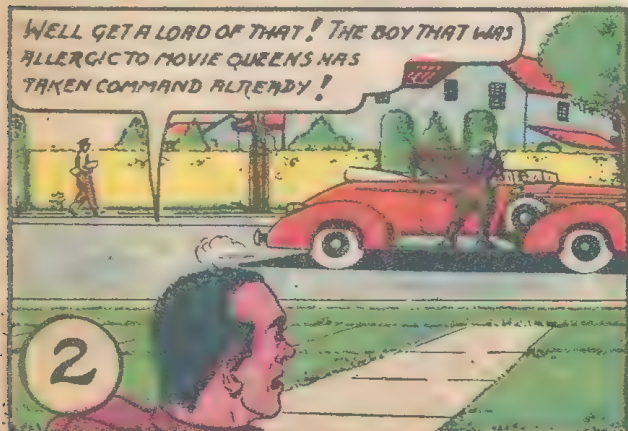
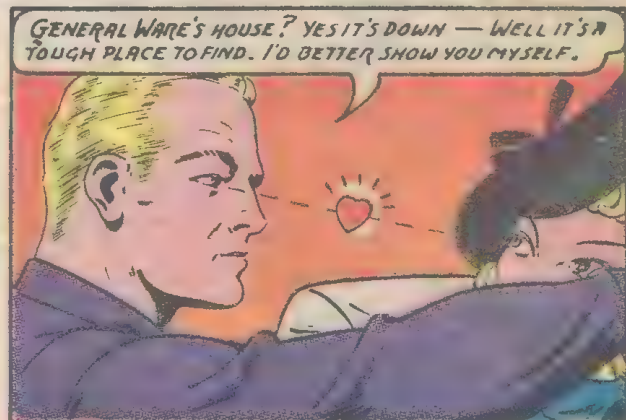
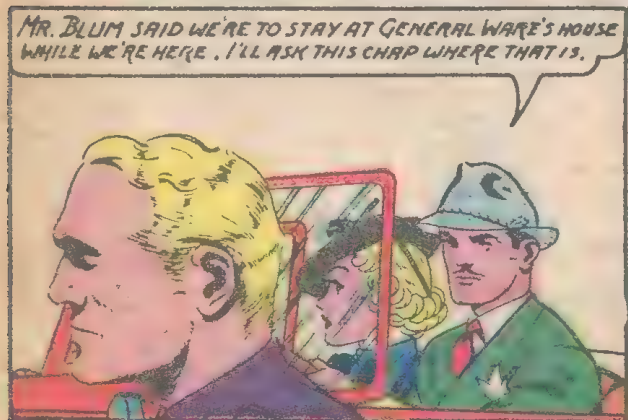
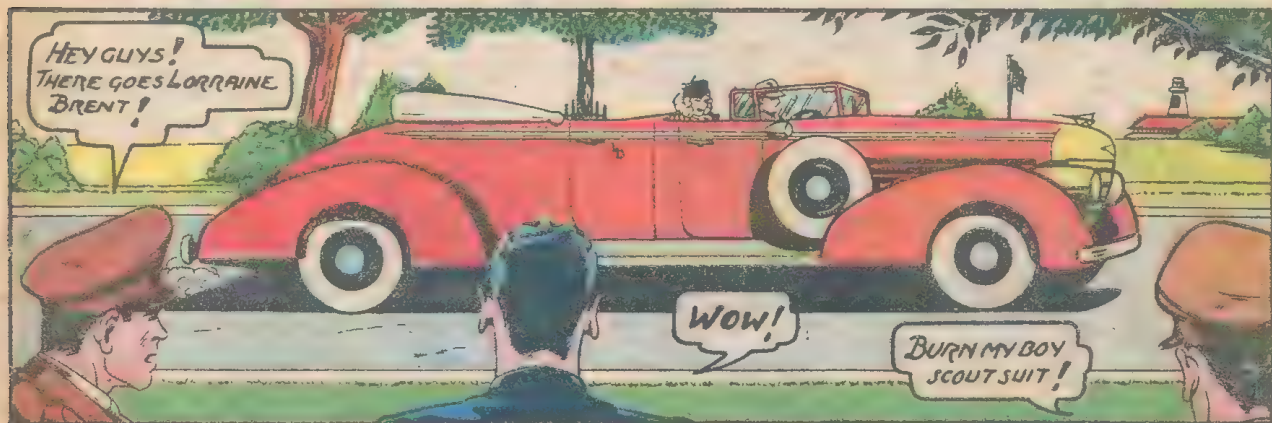
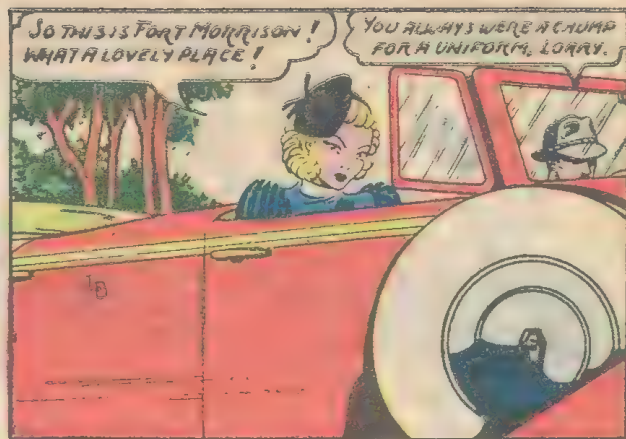
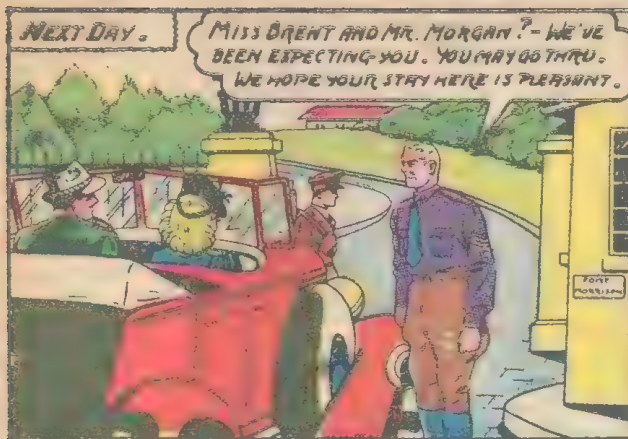
# Skip Schuyler.



by Tim Hickey









NEVER HEARD OF YOU. I MUST HAVE BEEN THINKING OF SOMEONE ELSE. WELL HERE'S THE GENERAL'S PLACE. — SO LONG!



I GUESS THAT WILL COOL THEM OFF. THOSE MOVIE STARS THINK ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS TO MENTION THEIR NAMES AND PEOPLE WILL SWOON.



I LIKE THE WAY THIS BRENT GIRL HANDLES HERSELF. SHE'S NO PRIMA DONNA, INDEPENDENT AS THE DEUCE.

YEH, SHE DRIVES THAT SPEED BOAT HERSELF THEY SAY. SHE WON'T LET THEM USE A DOUBLE.



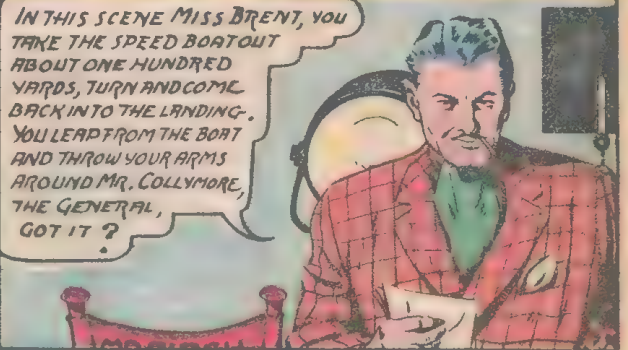
NEVER HEARD OF US! HASN'T HE EVER BEEN INSIDE OF A THEATRE?

AH, A MAN AT LAST! TO HIM LORRAINE BRENT IS JUST ANOTHER WOMAN. I'M GOING TO LIKE THAT MAN!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON SUPERIOR PICTURES IS READY TO SHOOT THE FIRST SCENES OF "THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER".

IN THIS SCENE MISS BRENT, YOU TAKE THE SPEED BOAT OUT ABOUT ONE HUNDRED YARDS, TURN AND COME BACK INTO THE LANDING. YOU LEAD FROM THE BOAT AND THROW YOUR ARMS AROUND MR. COLLYMORE, THE GENERAL, GOT IT?

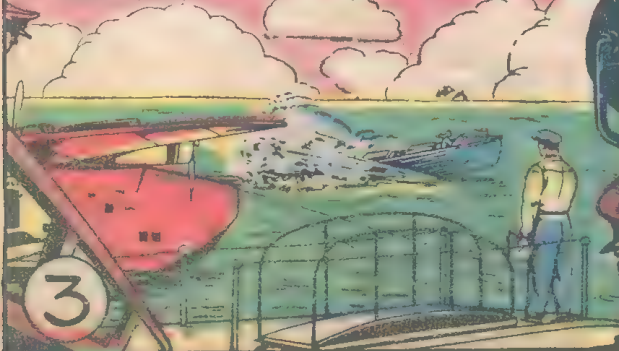


BOY, LOOK AT HER SKIP! SHE'S GOT CLASS. GAVE ME HER AUTOGRAPH TOO.

UH HUH!



LORRAINE BRENT CLIMBED INTO THE CHUGGING SPEED BOAT AND WITHOUT CEREMONY EXPERTLY SWUNG OUT INTO THE HARBOR.



WHEN MISS BRENT MAKES THE TURN AND STARTS BACK LET THE CAMERA'S ROLL! — OKAY FOR SOUND? — READY ON THE LANDING, MR. COLLYMORE?





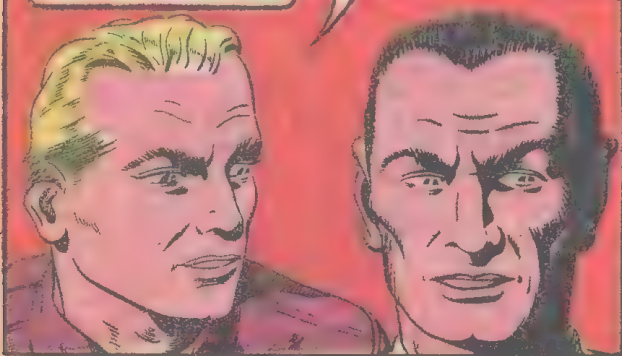
LORRAINE WAS ABOUT SEVENTY FIVE YARDS OUT WHEN A LARGE PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD BOBBED INTO THE PATH OF THE ONRUSHING SPEED BOAT, UNOBSERVED BY THE ACTRESS.



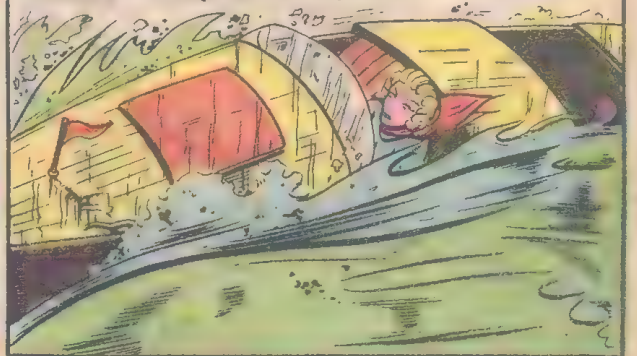
THE BOAT STRUCK THE DRIFTWOOD AND SHOT UP OUT OF THE SEA.



HOLY CATS BREEZY! LOOK AT THAT! SHE MUST HAVE HIT SOMETHING!



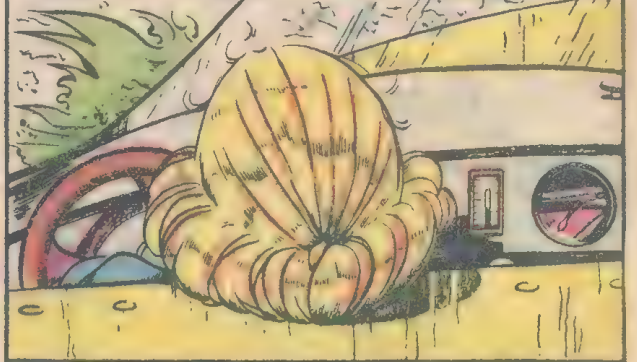
THE FLYING SPEEDBOAT SLAPPED BACK INTO THE WATER AND IN SOME MIRACULOUS WAY DIDN'T TIPOVER.



THE IMPACT SNAPPED THE GIRLS HEAD FORWARD AGAINST THE STEERING WHEEL WITH A SICKENING CRACK.



SHE SLUMPED DOWN IN HER SEAT UNCONSCIOUS WHILE THE PILOTLESS BOAT CAREENED AHEAD!



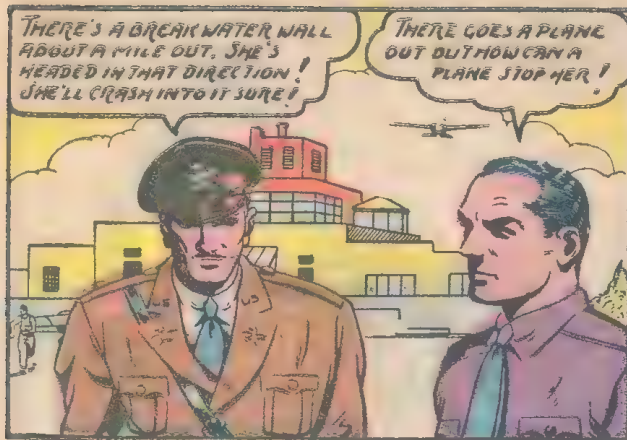
I TOLD HER TO TURN AND COME BACK AT ONE HUNDRED YARDS. SHE'S OUT OVER TWO HUNDRED YARDS NOW! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!



SHE WAS PROBABLY KNOCKED COLD WHEN THAT BOAT SLAMMED BACK INTO THE WATER! COME ON BREEZY, WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE TO STOP HER! DASH OVER TO NUMBER TWO HANGAR AND GET A ROPE LADDER, THEN COME DOWN TO THE C-32, HURRY!

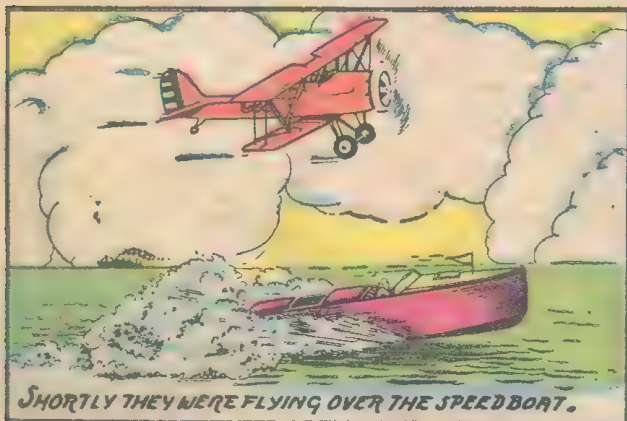
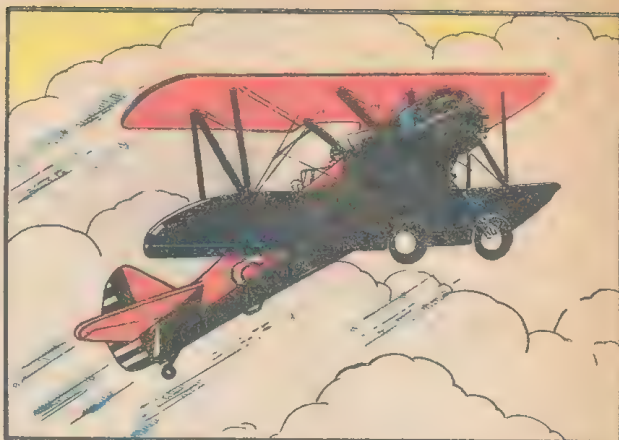




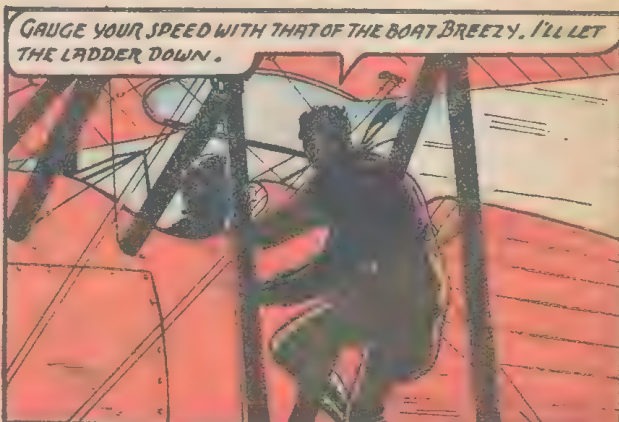


THERE'S A BREAK WATER WALL ABOUT A MILE OUT. SHE'S HEADED IN THAT DIRECTION! SHE'LL CRASH INTO IT SURE!

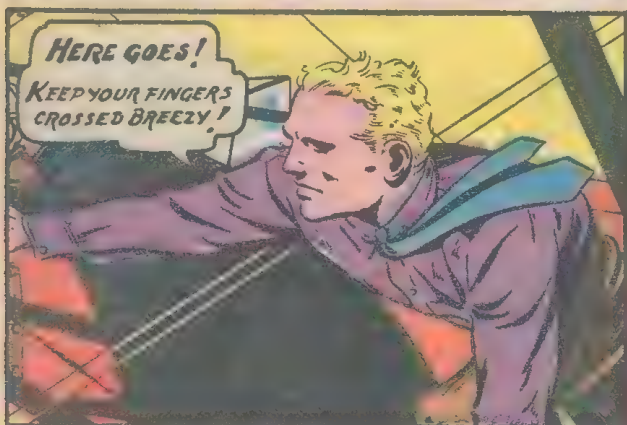
THERE GOES A PLANE OUT OUT HOW CAN A PLANE STOP HER!



SHORTLY THEY WERE FLYING OVER THE SPEEDBOAT.



GAUGE YOUR SPEED WITH THAT OF THE BOAT BREEZY. I'LL LET THE LADDER DOWN.

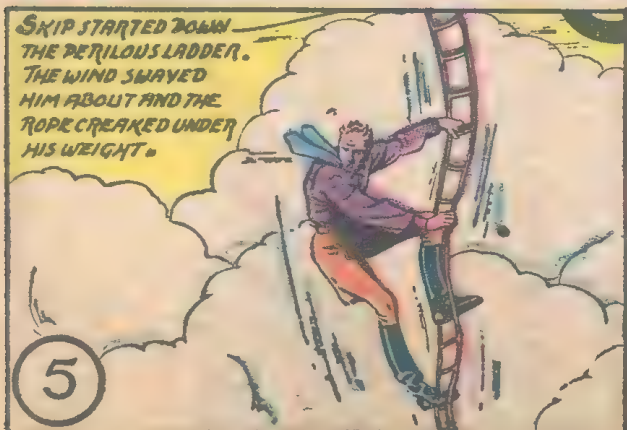


HERE GOES!  
KEEP YOUR FINGERS  
CROSSED BREEZY!

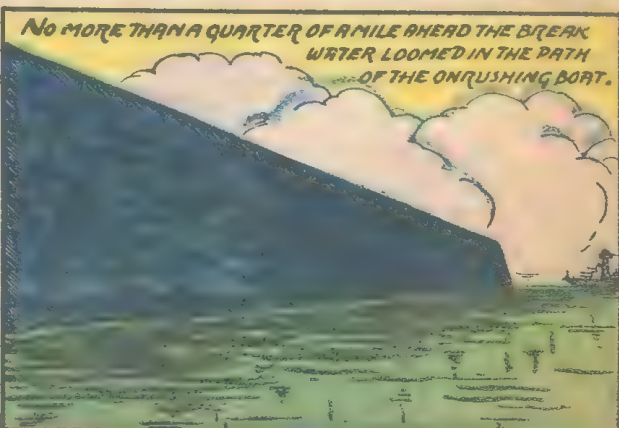


LOOK AT THAT! HE'S GOING DOWN A ROPE LADDER TO TRY AND DROP INTO THE BOAT!

BOY! THAT TAKES RAW COURAGE.

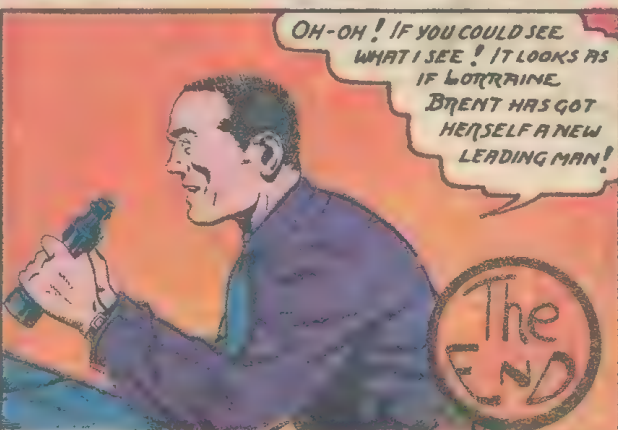
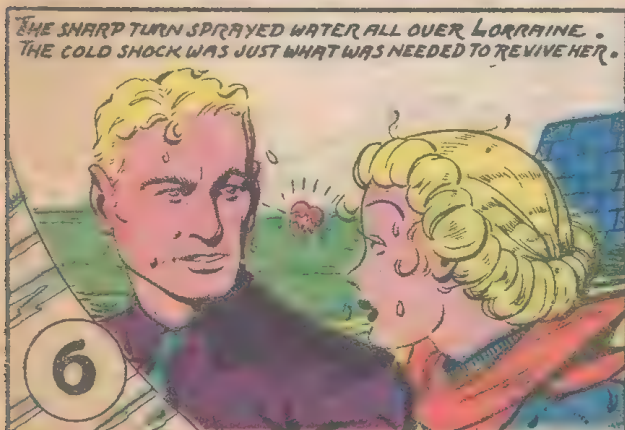
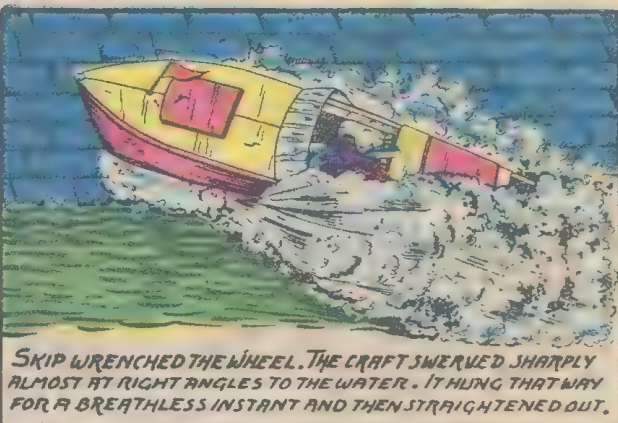
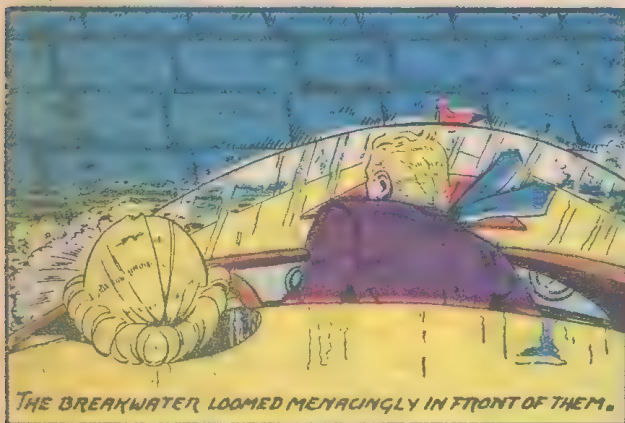


SKIP STARTED DOWN THE PERILOUS LADDER. THE WIND SWAYED HIM ABOUT AND THE ROPE CREAKED UNDER HIS WEIGHT.



NO MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A MILE AHEAD THE BREAK WATER LOOMED IN THE PATH OF THE ONRUSHING BOAT.







# RUSTY

AND HIS PALS

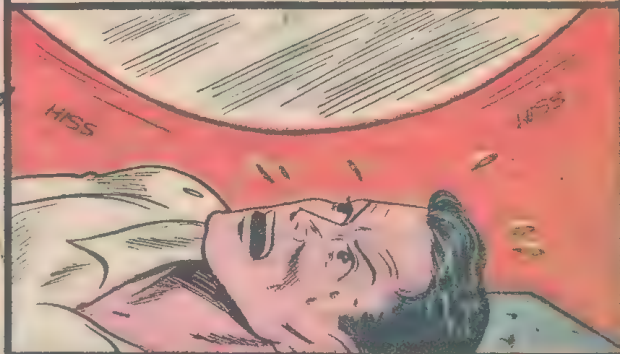
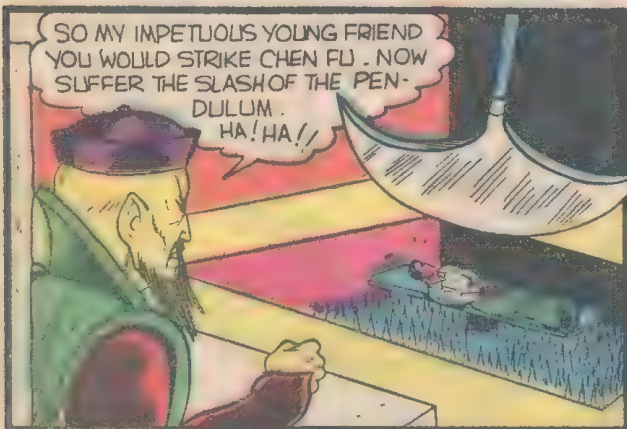
BY

BOB  
KANE

IN THE LAST ISSUE THE EVIL CHEN FU HAD CAPTURED STEVE WHEN HE HAD GONE TO RESCUE RUSTY. WHILE CHEN FU LEERED FROM ABOVE, STEVE WAS LYING ON A SLAB AMONGST A BED OF SPIKES WHILE A HUGE PENDULUM SWUNG ABOVE HIS BODY.

SO MY IMPETUOUS YOUNG FRIEND  
YOU WOULD STRIKE CHEN FU. NOW  
SUFFER THE SLASH OF THE PEN-  
DULUM.  
HA! HA!!

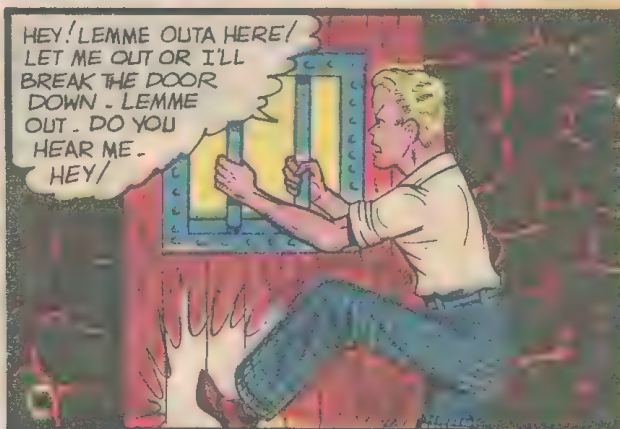
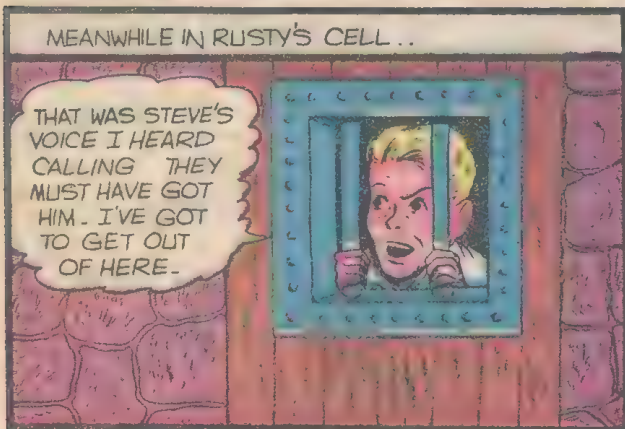
LOWER AND LOWER SWINGS THE PENDULUM -  
HISSING OVER HELPLESS STEVE.



MEANWHILE IN RUSTY'S CELL ..

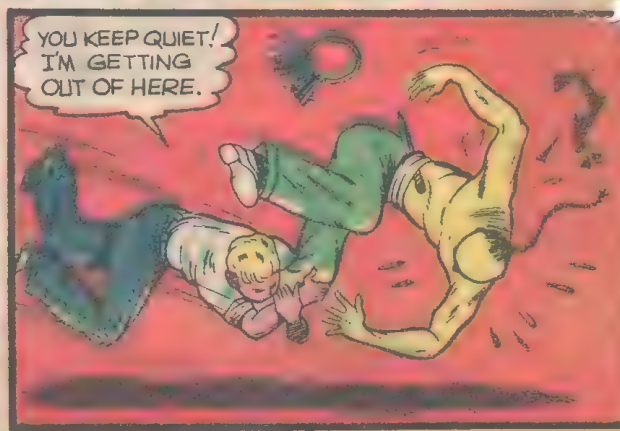
THAT WAS STEVE'S  
VOICE I HEARD  
CALLING. THEY  
MUST HAVE GOT  
HIM. I'VE GOT  
TO GET OUT  
OF HERE.

HEY! LEMME OUTA HERE!  
LET ME OUT OR I'LL  
BREAK THE DOOR  
DOWN - LEMME  
OUT - DO YOU  
HEAR ME -  
HEY!

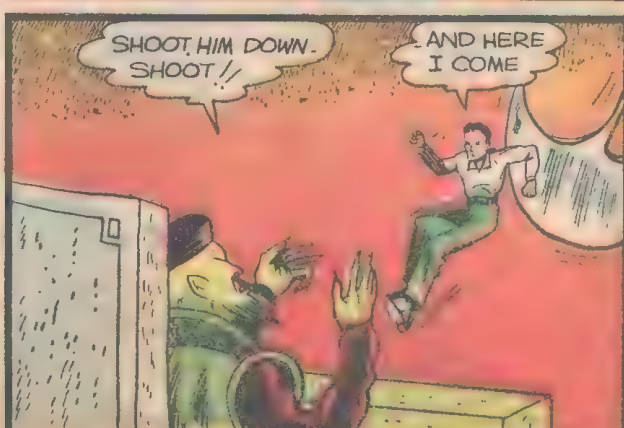
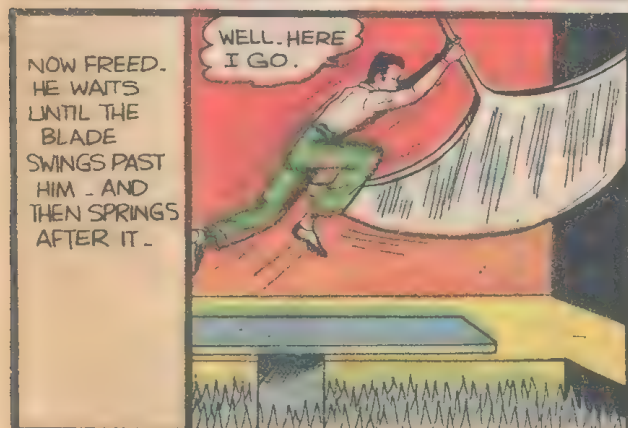
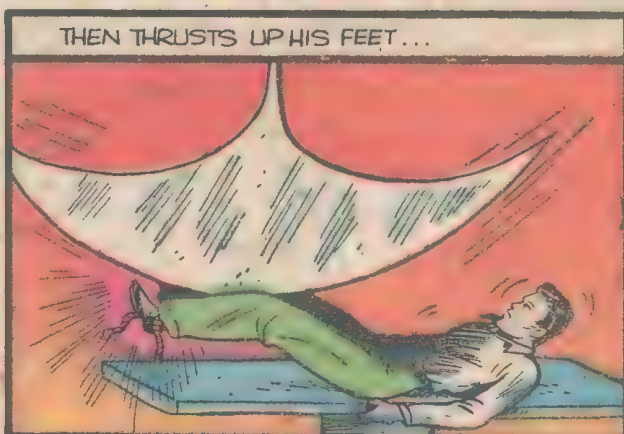
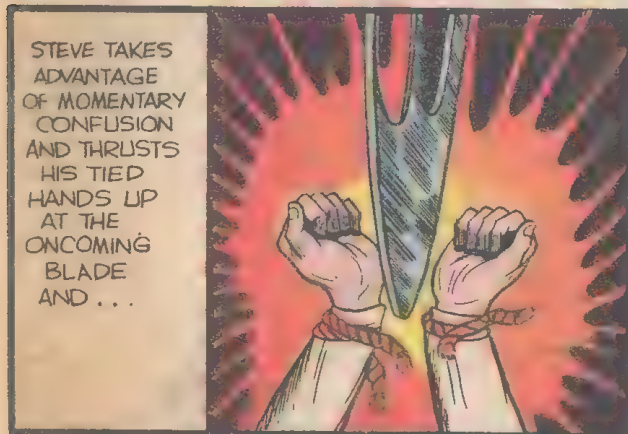
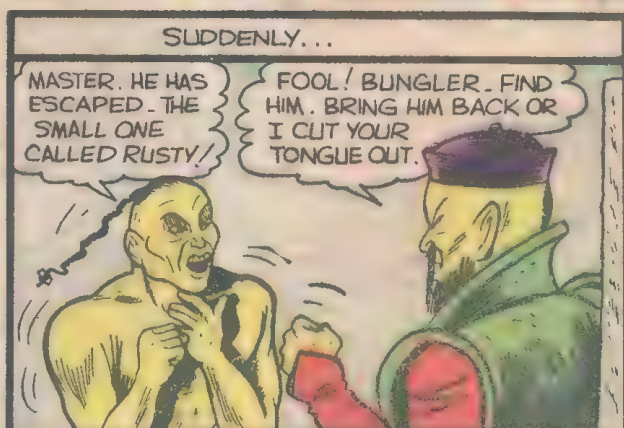
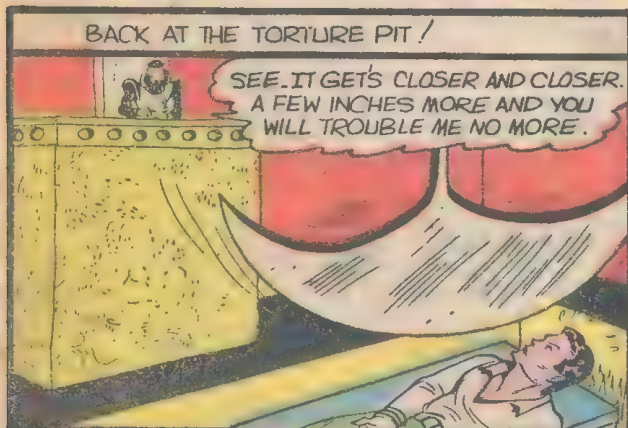
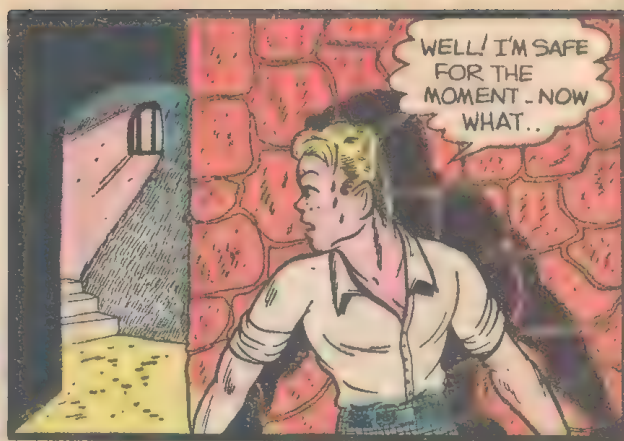
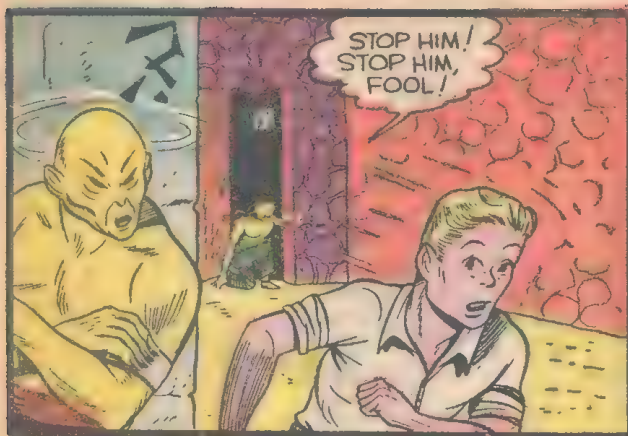


QUIET SMALL ONE,  
ELSE YOU RECEIVE  
A CUFF ON THE  
EAR!

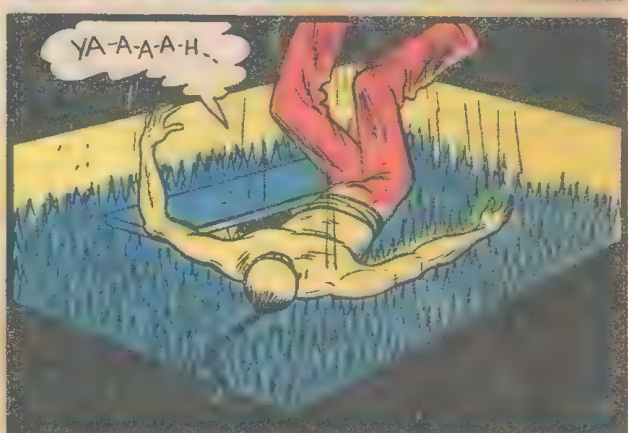
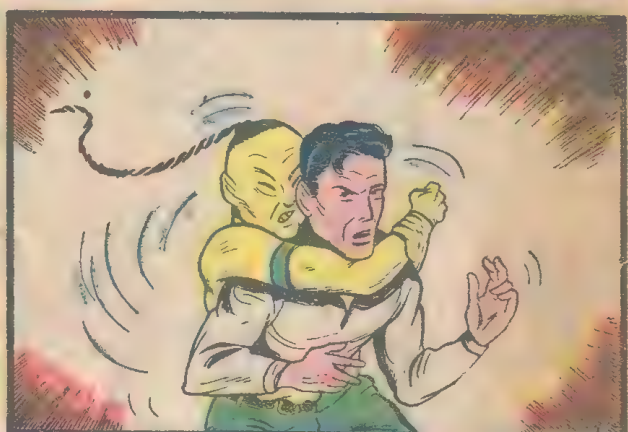
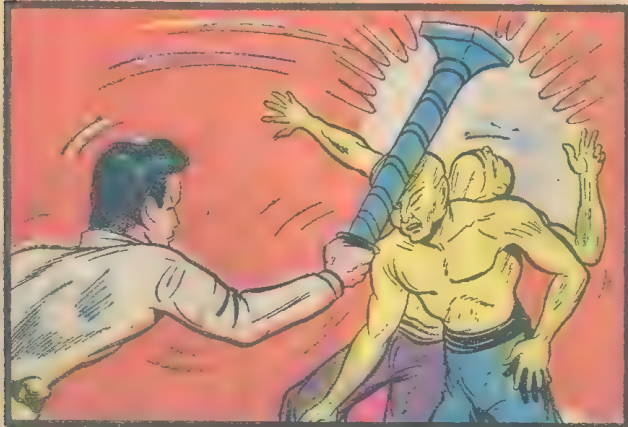
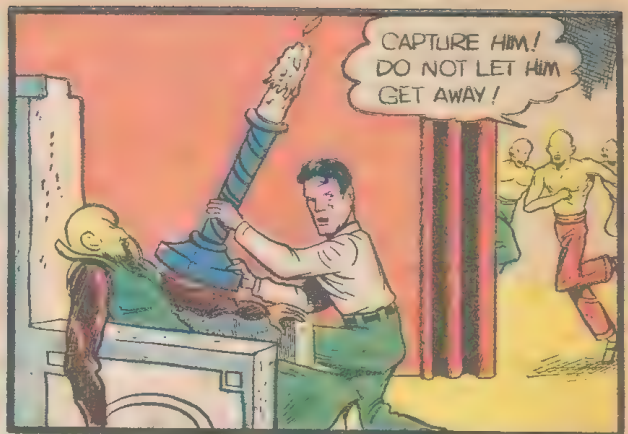
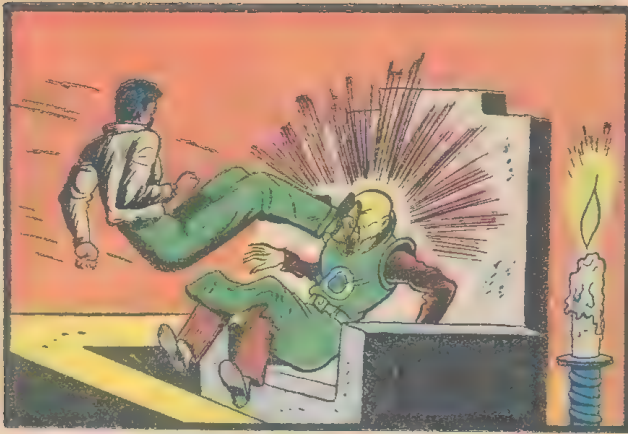
YOU KEEP QUIET!  
I'M GETTING  
OUT OF HERE.







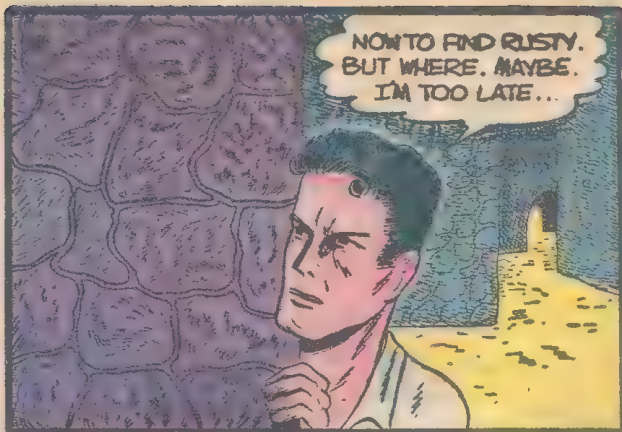






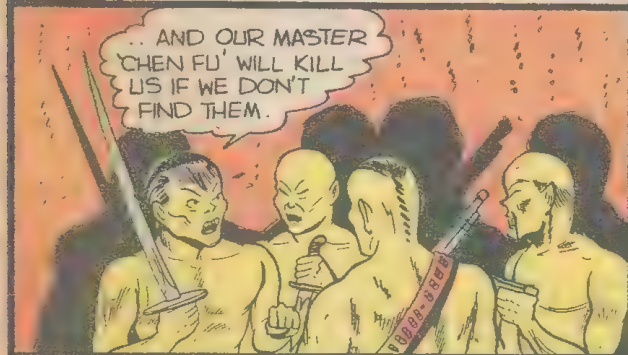


SORRY I CAN'T  
STAY FOR  
TEA, BOYS.  
BUT I'M  
IN A  
HURRY.

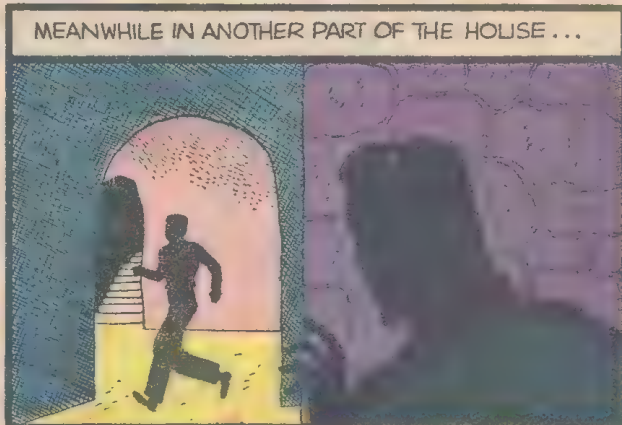


NOW TO FIND RUSTY.  
BUT WHERE. MAYBE  
I'M TOO LATE...

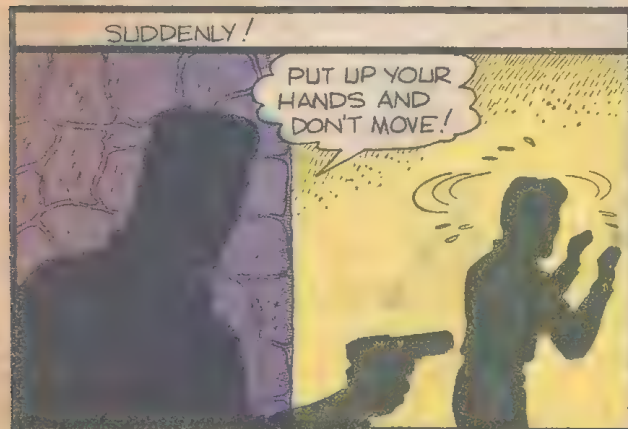
ALL OVER THE HOUSE OF CHEN FU, MEN SUDDENLY ARE  
ROUSED TO SEARCH FOR THE ESCAPED PRISONERS!



... AND OUR MASTER  
'CHEN FU' WILL KILL  
US IF WE DON'T  
FIND THEM.

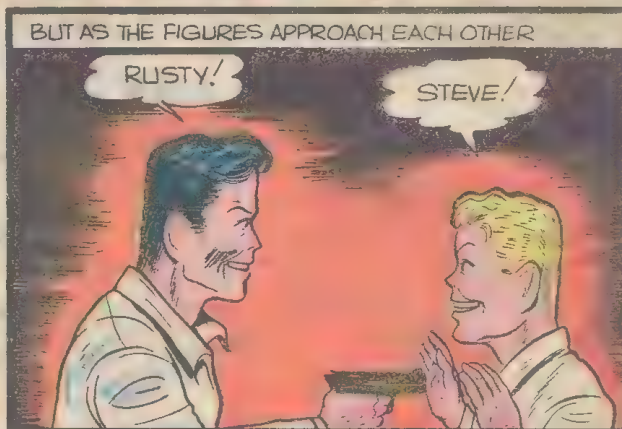


MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE...



SUDDENLY!

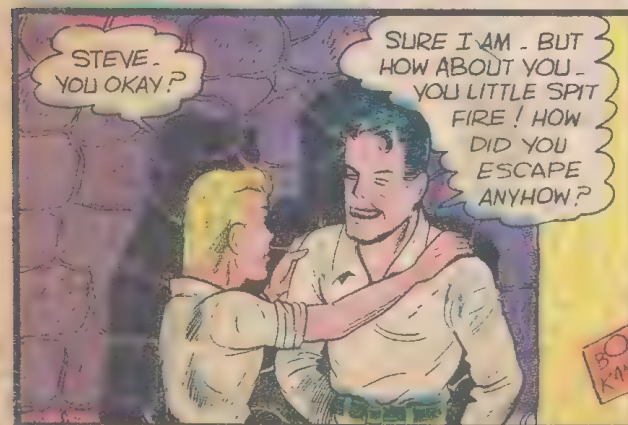
PUT UP YOUR  
HANDS AND  
DON'T MOVE!



BUT AS THE FIGURES APPROACH EACH OTHER

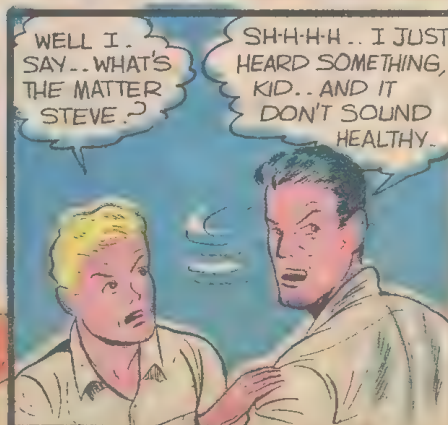
RUSTY!

STEVE!



STEVE.  
YOU OKAY?

SURE I AM. BUT  
HOW ABOUT YOU.  
YOU LITTLE SPIT  
FIRE! HOW  
DID YOU  
ESCAPE  
ANYHOW?



WELL I.  
SAY.. WHAT'S  
THE MATTER  
STEVE?

SH-H-H-H.. I JUST  
HEARD SOMETHING,  
KID.. AND IT  
DON'T SOUND  
HEALTHY.

WHAT NEW  
DANGERS  
AWAIT  
STEVE AND  
RUSTY?

DON'T MISS  
NEXT  
MONTH'S  
THRILLING  
CHAPTER

!!

BOB  
KANE



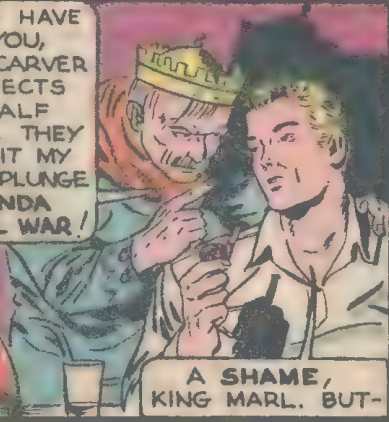
# COTTON CARVER

## THE REVOLT OF THE PIRATES

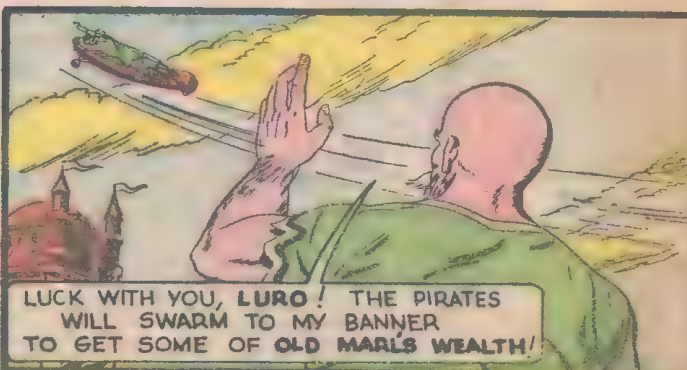


ON HIS SEARCH FOR A RUMORED EXIT TO THE OUTER EARTH UNDER WHICH HE HAS BEEN TRAPPED FOR MONTHS, COTTON CARVER HAS REACHED A HIGH CIVILIZATION, CALLED MARLANDA, AFTER MARL, ITS AGED KING...

IT IS AS I HAVE TOLD YOU, COTTON CARVER MY SUBJECTS ARE HALF TRAITORS. THEY BUT AWAIT MY DEATH TO PLUNGE MARLANDA INTO CIVIL WAR!



A SHAME, KING MARL. BUT-



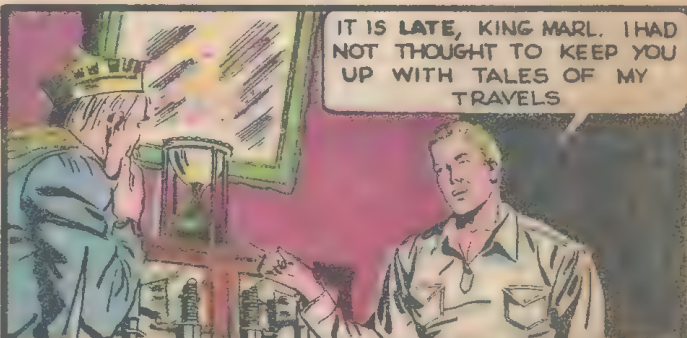
LUCK WITH YOU, LURO! THE PIRATES WILL SWARM TO MY BANNER TO GET SOME OF OLD MARL'S WEALTH!

BUT EVEN AT THAT MOMENT A SWIFT FLYER LEAVES FOR BARLUNDA!

WHILE THE KING TRUSTS HIS GUARDS



AT MIDNIGHT YOU WILL ALL BE ASLEEP, UNDERSTAND? YOU SHALL SEE AND HEAR NOTHING! MORE GOLD WILL FOLLOW.



IT IS LATE, KING MARL. I HAD NOT THOUGHT TO KEEP YOU UP WITH TALES OF MY TRAVELS

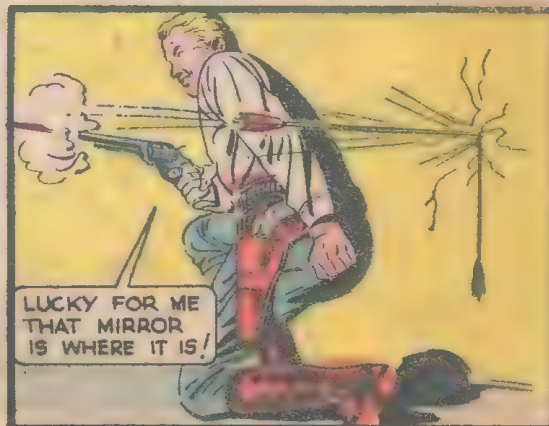
SPEAK NO MORE OF IT! I WOULD NOT HAVE MISSED IT FOR WORLDS! I SHALL GO OFF TO BED NOW, THOUGH. I DO GROW TIRED, INDEED.

BUT- AS THE KING TURNS TO GO-



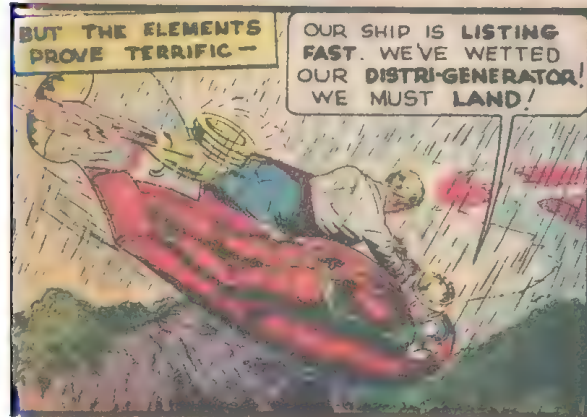
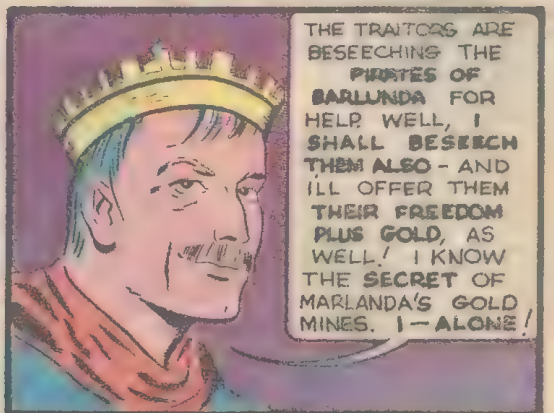
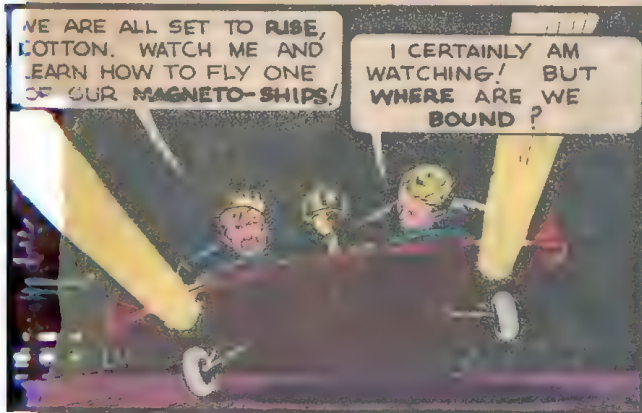
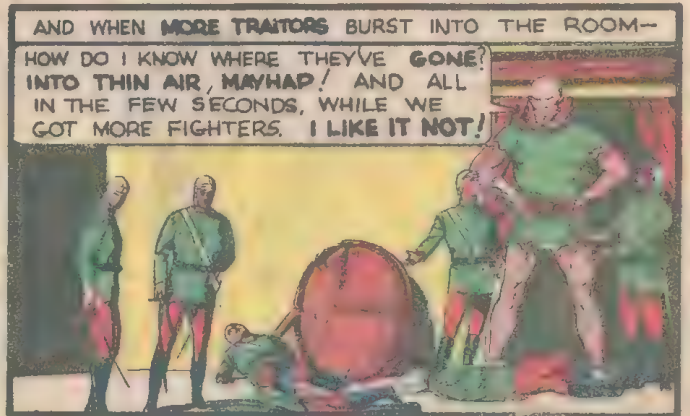
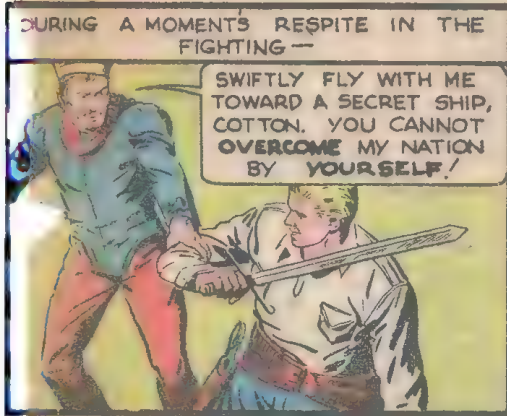
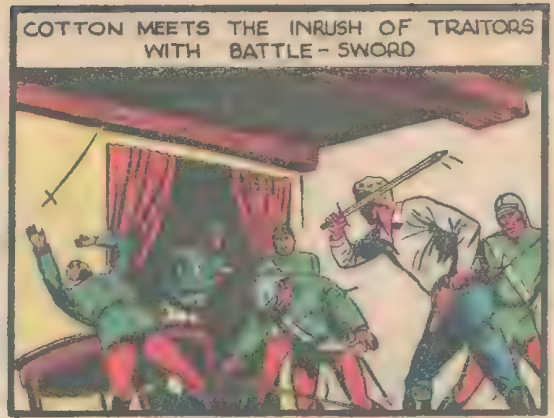
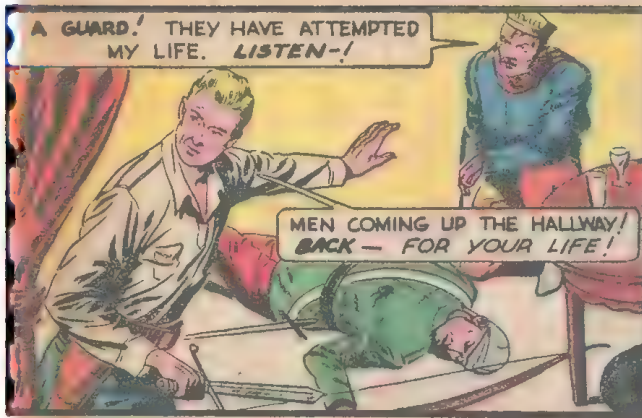
HOLD-- GET DOWN!

WHA-?



LUCKY FOR ME THAT MIRROR IS WHERE IT IS!

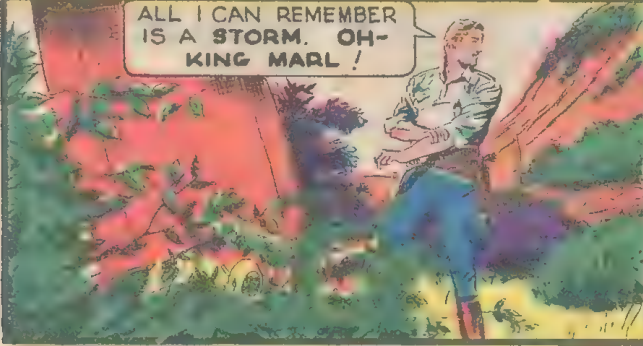






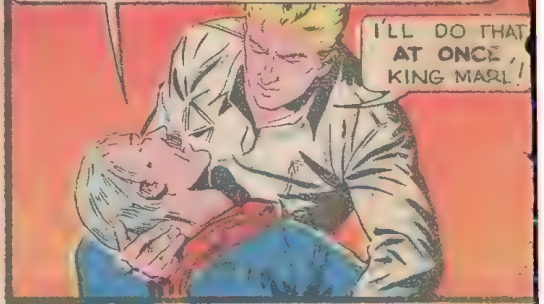
THE FIRST RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN AROUSE COTTON

ALL I CAN REMEMBER IS A STORM. OH-KING MARL!



IT'S HURT I AM LAD, BUT NOT TOO BADLY. GET YOURSELF TO SOME LITTLE COTTAGE NEARBY AND TELL THE GOOD PEOPLE MY WANTS.

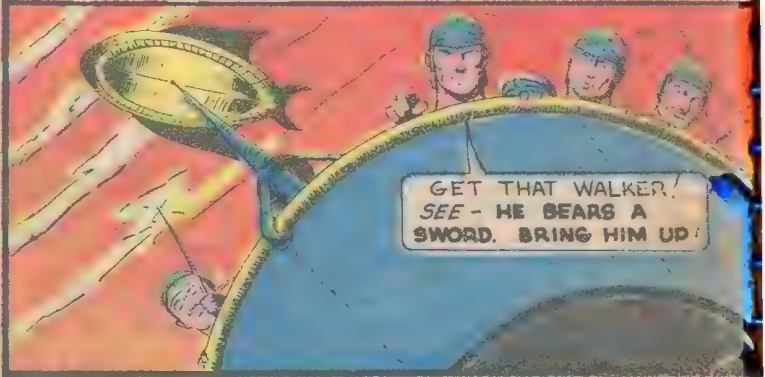
I'LL DO THAT AT ONCE, KING MARL!



COTTON STARTS ON HIS WAY, LITTLE SUSPECTING—



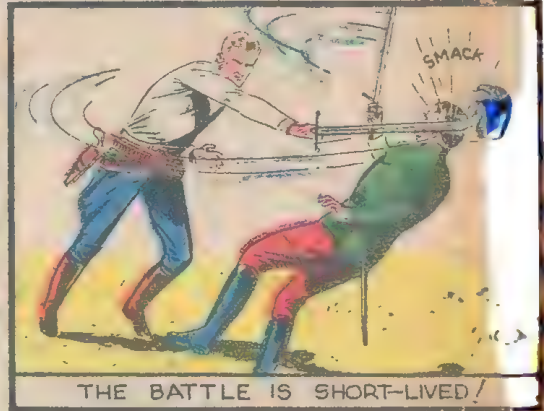
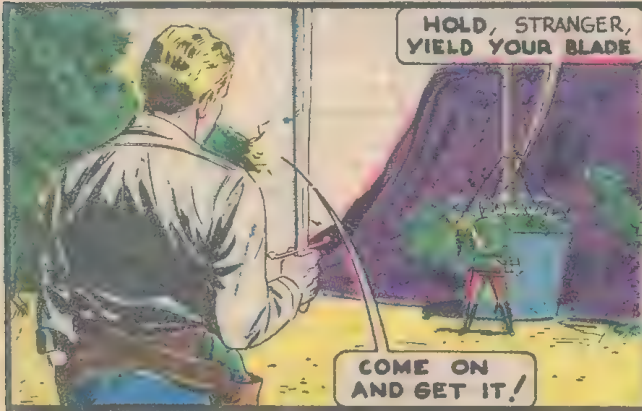
THAT ABOVE HIM HANGS A MENACE TO HIS LIFE!



GET THAT WALKER! SEE - HE BEARS A SWORD. BRING HIM UP!

HOLD, STRANGER, YIELD YOUR BLADE

COME ON AND GET IT!



SMACK

THE BATTLE IS SHORT-LIVED!

BUT DOZENS OF MEN SWARM OVER COTTON



LORD, BUT YOU'VE COST A PRETTY NUMBER OF MEN! I WONDER WHAT—

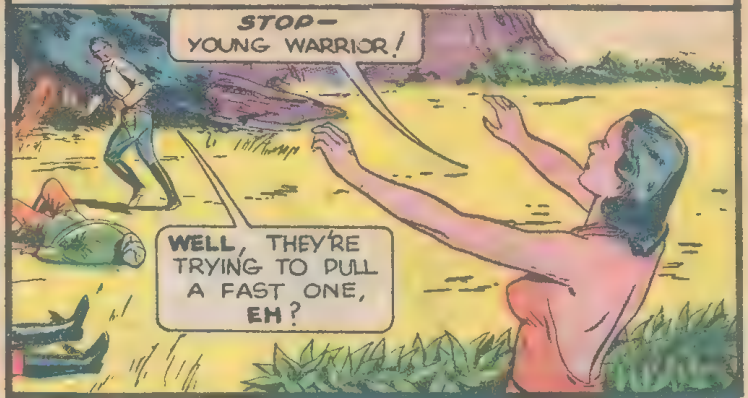




BUT COTTON IS NOT YET OVERCOME!

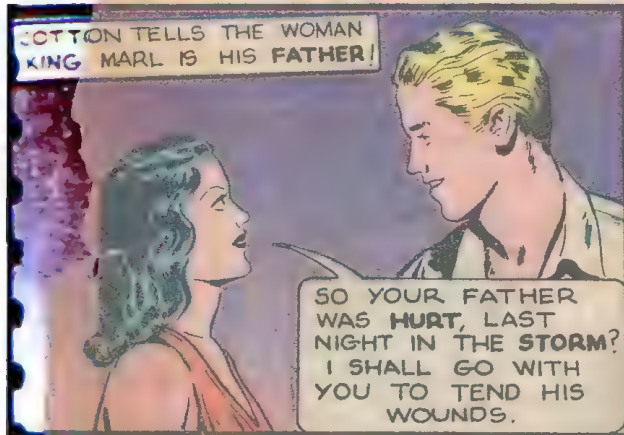


AND AS HE WHIRLS TO RUN —



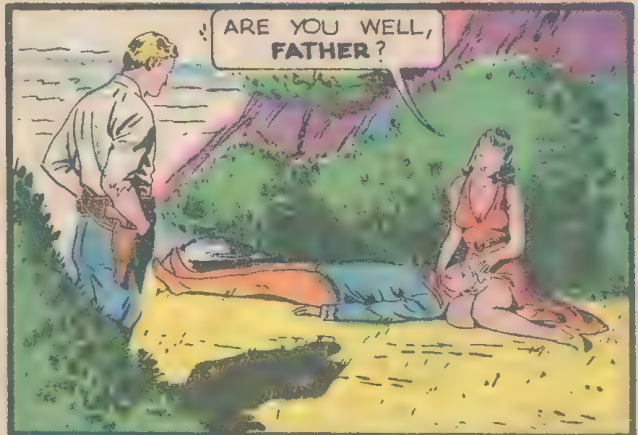
WELL, THEY'RE TRYING TO PULL A FAST ONE, EH?

COTTON TELLS THE WOMAN KING MARL IS HIS FATHER!

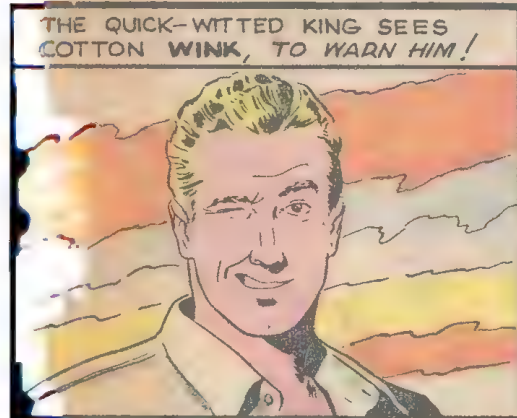


SO YOUR FATHER WAS HURT, LAST NIGHT IN THE STORM? I SHALL GO WITH YOU TO TEND HIS WOUNDS.

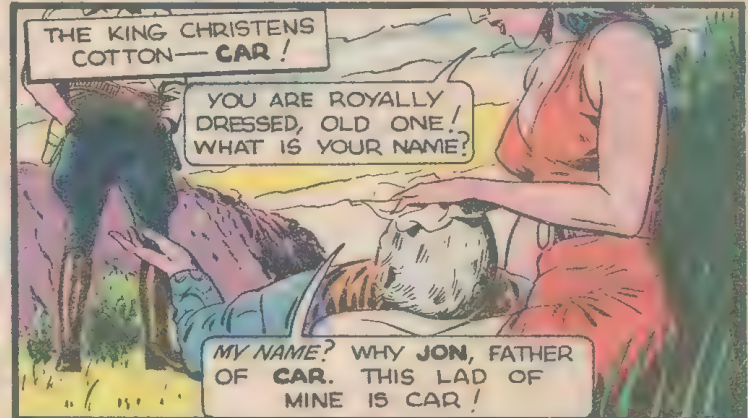
ARE YOU WELL, FATHER?



THE QUICK-WITTED KING SEES COTTON WINK, TO WARN HIM!



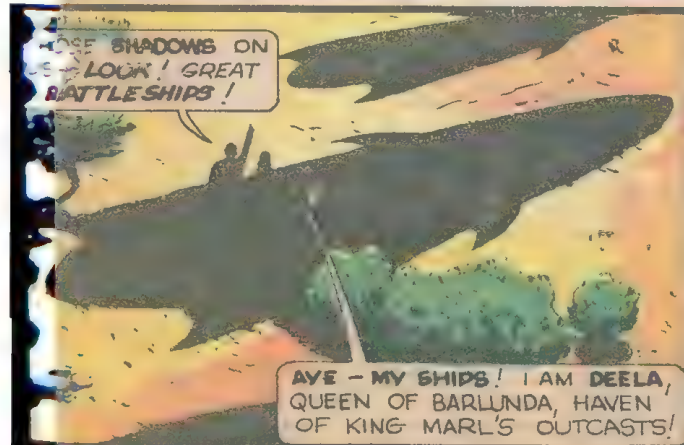
THE KING CHRISTENS COTTON— CAR!



YOU ARE ROYALLY DRESSED, OLD ONE! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

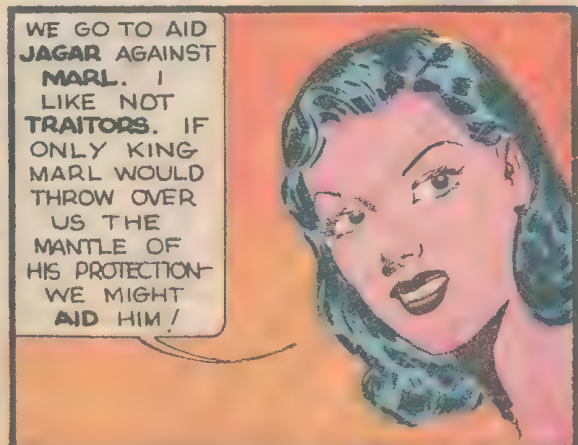
MY NAME? WHY JON, FATHER OF CAR. THIS LAD OF MINE IS CAR!

THOSE SHADOWS ON THE HILLS— LOOK! GREAT BATTLESHIPS!

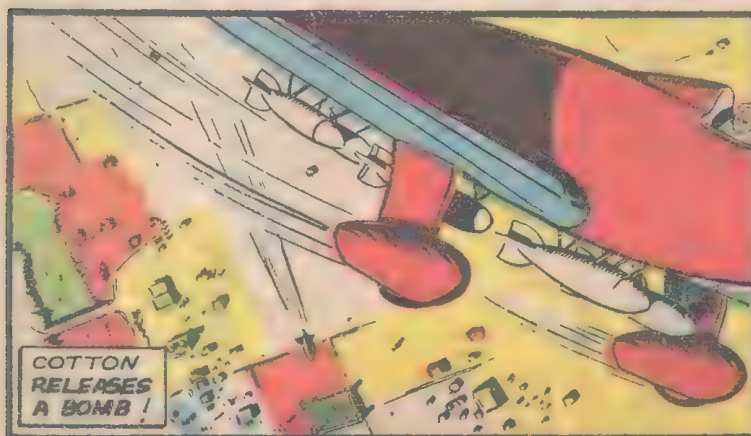
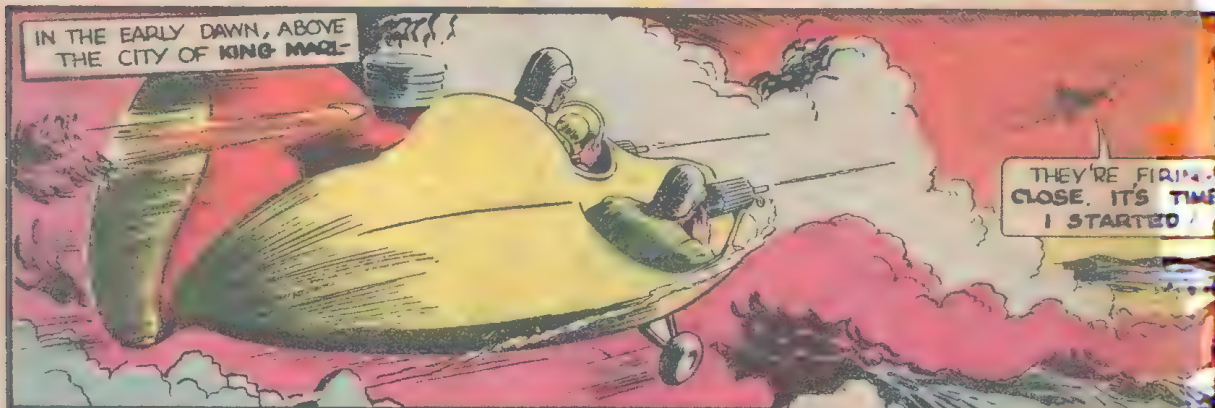
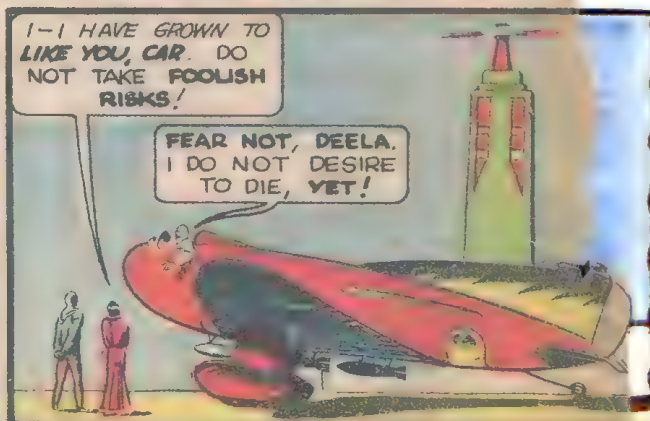
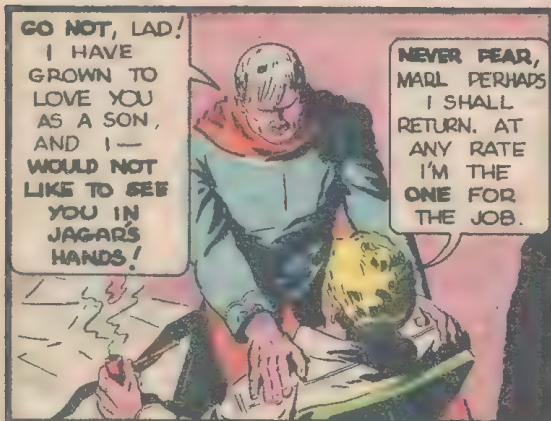
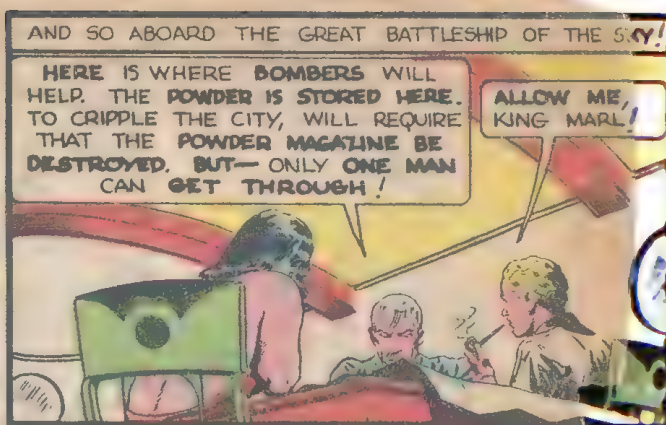
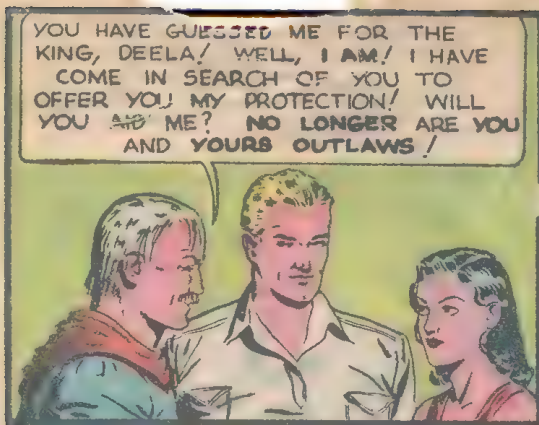


AVE — MY SHIPS! I AM DEELA, QUEEN OF BARLUNDA, HAVEN OF KING MARL'S OUTCASTS!

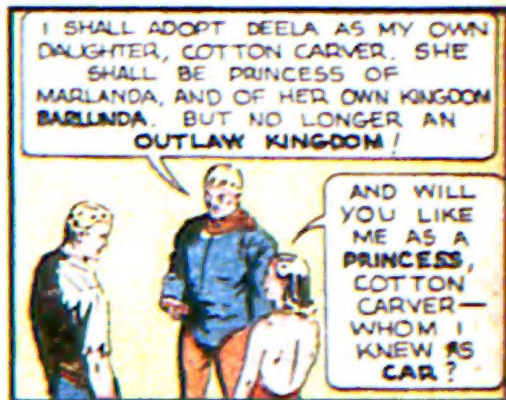
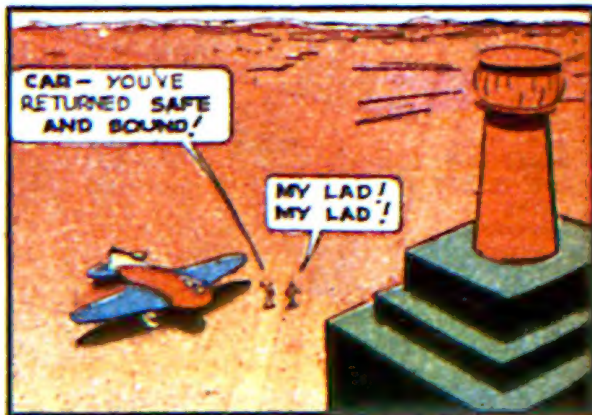
WE GO TO AID JAGAR AGAINST MARL. I LIKE NOT TRAITORS. IF ONLY KING MARL WOULD THROW OVER US THE MANTLE OF HIS PROTECTION— WE MIGHT AID HIM!













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